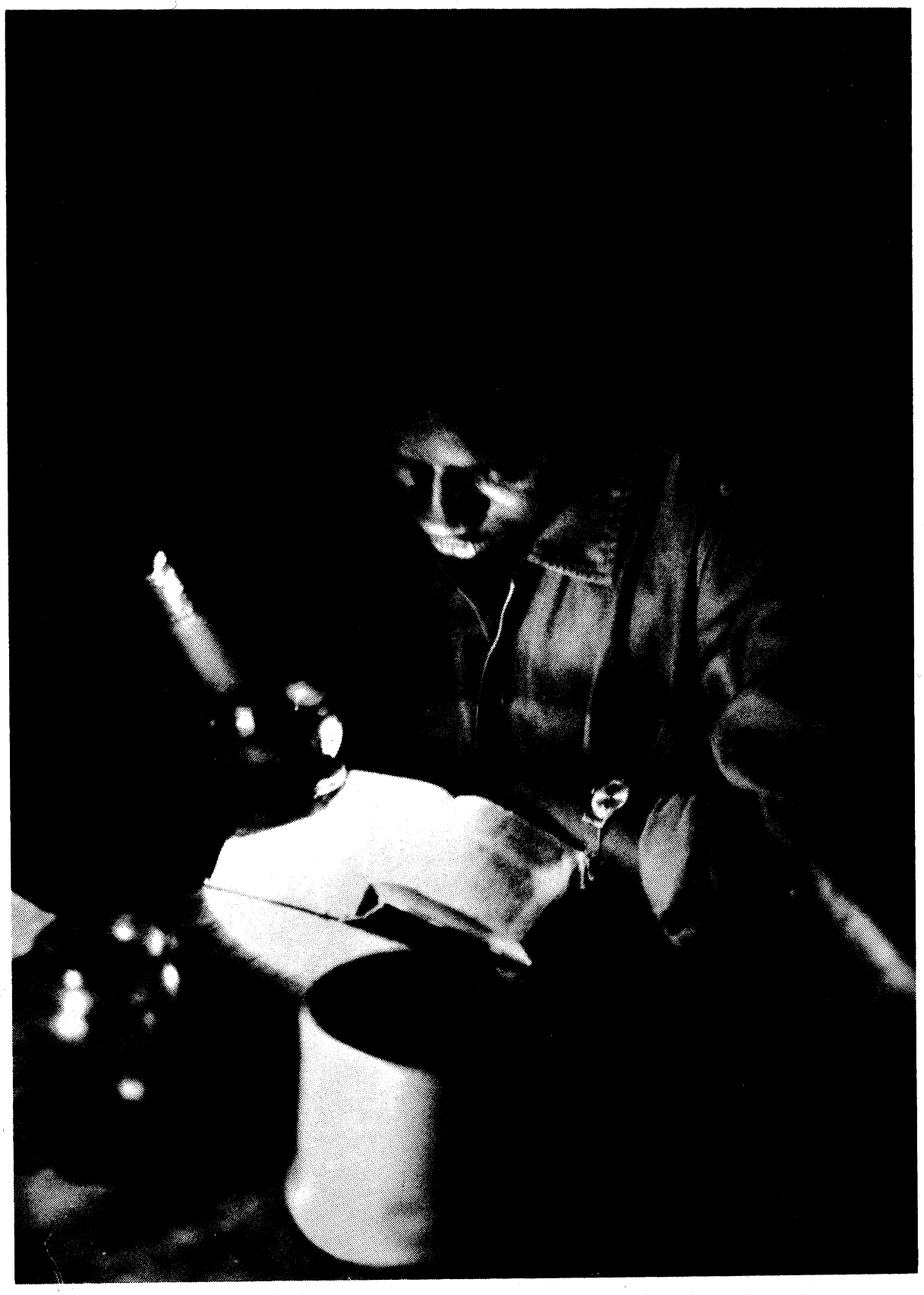

LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

March 27, 1971 #329

LNS #329 March 27, 1971

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Philippines: Making War in Asia--in 1900....1
"We Are In Laos To Kill Gooks"--Guerrilla Theater Skit.....2
Fletcher School of Law & Diplomacy Bombed.....2
America on 19¢ a Meal: Welfare Rights Asks Non-Welfare People To Try It.....3
Nation-wide Tax Resistance Called.....3
Saigon Regime Jails 2 Catholic Priests: "They Would Like to Gag the Press".....4
Revolt & Repression in Martinique.....4
At The Frontier of Guinea-Bissau: Mike Shuster's Africa Journal.....5
Joseph: Portrait of a Guinean Revolutionary.....8
Shoot-in In Birmingham: Alabama Black Liberation Front On Trial.....10
"We Met Them With Our Bare Hands And We Won:" An Interview with Nguyen Thi Hong.....11
Laos Invasion Over--Major Defeat For U.S.....12
888 Lives! The Boston Women's Takeover.....13
Struggle Through A Maze: Rift Shakes Black Panthers.....15
and assorted shorts.....

GRAPHICS:

Cover: Photo of Joseph Sampa, soldier in the PAIGC, whose story is on p.8, studying by flash-light in liberated Guinea-Bissau. Photo by Mike Shuster. Credit LNS.
P-1: Laotian soldiers and militia women
P-2: Women in Saigon Demonstrate and Nguyen Thi Hong. See story on P. 11.
P-3, P-4: Photos From Liberated Guinea-Bissau See story on P. 5-9.
P-5: Map of Guinea-Bissau, Abortion Cartoon, Women's Poster
P-6: Photo marking death of Bobby Hutton, April 6, 1968, Poster for Women's March on Pentagon April 10, Dog Obedience School Cartoon
P-7: Guerrilla Theater Photo, Boston Women's Center Photo

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MAKING WAR IN ASIA -- IN 1900

by Stuart Creighton Miller
LIBERATION News Service

[Editor's note: the following article, which first appeared, surprisingly enough, in the New York Times, describes a U.S. campaign against nationalist guerrillas in the Philippines -- 70 years ago. It seems that a lot of what is happening in Vietnam has been U.S. policy for defending colonies for a long time.]

Seventy years ago, the United States fought a bloody and protracted war of counterinsurgency in the Philippines. America had just concluded a war with Spain, but the peace treaty had not yet been ratified by the senate. Some senators were bothered by the treaty clause in which Spain "gave" the Philippines to the U.S.

Two days before the senate vote, the military announced that it had been "attacked" and that it must therefore "retaliate" against the Filipinos. "Treaty ratification" and "annexation" now became meaningless terms -- the war was on.

Maj. Gen. Elwell S. Otis assured the American public that the Filipino nationalist forces of Emilio Aguinaldo would be wiped out in a matter of weeks, a sanguine prediction he continually reiterated with each demand for more troops. Newspapers openly accused Otis of inflating enemy body counts while concealing American losses.

The general returned a hero to Washington in 1900, and all doubts were washed away in a sea of toasts and patriotic testimony. Once home, Otis exchanged his sword for a pen with which to attack the peace movement for encouraging the Filipinos to continue fighting, long after they were obviously defeated.

University campuses from Ann Arbor to Cambridge hosted peace rallies at which this "inhuman war of extermination" was denounced by professors and students who evoked public cries of "treason" for describing the Stars and Stripes as "an emblem of tyranny and butchery in the Philippines."

In spite of the Army's heavy-handed attempts at censorship, correspondents were able to corroborate suppressed rumors of American atrocities in the Philippines: civilians were being slaughtered, herded into concentration camps, tortured to extract information and confessions, and shot as hostages. As frustration mounted in our generals, they began to repeat the tragic errors of their Spanish predecessors.

When denial was no longer viable, the atrocities were attributed to our native allies, the Macabebes, a despised group who once served Spain. Euphemisms were invented to mitigate practices: "relocation camps of instruction and sanitation" were designed to protect the natives from "Aguinaldo's enslavement." Hence the "water cure," a favorite means of torture that often proved fatal, was "never used", "sometimes resorted to by our allies", or was described as "merely an unpleasant experience" for the victim. But first prize must go to President McKinley who described the process of subjugating the Filipinos as "benign assimilation."

As the credibility gap widened, unorthodox tactics were justified on the grounds that the *insurrectos* were not revolutionaries but "bandits" who wore no distinguishing uniforms and blended into the peasantry after ambushing and booby-trapping our troops. For our generals, who cut their military teeth on Indian wars, the ultimate justification was racism. As biologically inferior and treacherous savages, the Filipinos did not rate conventional modes of warfare. Maj. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee cautioned reporters not to wax sentimental over the shooting of a few "goo goos," as our troops called the natives.

A government attempt to demonstrate that flagrant violations did not go unpunished backfired. The sensational atrocity trial of a Marine major hurt the Administration when the defense contended that he was simply following Brig. Gen. Jacob H. Smith's orders to take no prisoners, shoot all males over the age of ten, and make the island of Samar "a howling wilderness" in retaliation for the ambush of an American company.

By 1902 Americans had had their fill of atrocities and were eager to sweep the dirt under the rug. The New York Times thanked Harper's for "sanely" pointing out that the use of torture and the shooting of hostages were humane practices in that they shortened the war and saved lives. Teddy Roosevelt still insisted that Americans were fighting in the Philippines "for the triumph of civilization over forces which stand for the black chaos of savagery and barbarism."

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(See LNS #328 for grafic to go with story)

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ANTI-WAR SPRING DEMOS PLANNED FOR AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

SYDNEY, Aus.(LNS)--A coalition of Australian anti-war activists have called for the immediate withdrawal of Australia's 8,000 man token force in Vietnam, an end to the draft and an end to Australian involvement in Southeast Asia. A series of demonstrations are planned for April 30 and May 30; and a general strike is called for June 30--the date set by the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam for the withdrawal of U.S. and allied troops.

Australia has been the U.S.'s most important white ally in Asia since the Korean war. Presently a token force of 2 army battalions--cut down from 3 battalions in December, 1970--is securing a small enclave at Nui Dat, Vietnam. Australian bombers also participated in the Laos invasion.

As of 1967 the U.S. had invested $2 billion in Australia. It now controls 95% of the automobile industry and is buying up huge chunks of mineral reserves.

More than 200,000 people in 6 state capitals took over the streets in May, 1970 by marching to and then sitting down in major traffic intersections. In Melbourne, Australia's second largest city, 100,000 people--one out of every twenty--showed up to occupy several blocks of the downtown business area.

A second somewhat smaller national mobilization in September, 1970 was broken up by scores of police brought from all over New South Wales before a series of large feeder marches could reach the center of the city. Demonstrators were also attacked in the city of Adelaide.

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In New Zealand, another former British colony near Australia, there are also plans for demonstrations on April 30. Approximately 10,000 people in a population of 2.7 million participated in demonstrations in May, 1970. The largest turnout was in Christ Church where 3,000 marchers took to the streets. Smaller demonstrations took place in September, 1970.

New Zealand has a token artillery unit of about 500 men in Vietnam. The unit is over 50% Maori, the native people of New Zealand. The unit, which has lost over 40 men, recently shelled the Australian forces by mistake and is responsible for more Australian casualties than the enemy.

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"WE ARE IN LAOS TO KILL GOOKS"
A GUERRILLA THEATER SKIT

LIBERATION News Service

(The following skit on the Laos invasion was first performed by the Athens, Ohio Guerrilla Theater Troupe. The list of charcters is at the end.)

(Slow, steady drum beat through the entire skit) Lt. Wasp assembles the GIs and begins to explain:

"We are in Laos. There are 10,000 American ground troops and 20,000 South Vietnamese (Saigon troops) to join forces here. Our Mission is to kill gooks."

A woman and child stroll on the scene. When they try to run away they are seized and molested. As the Lt. is assembling the men to take the woman and child prisoner, several Laotians rush in to ambush the GIs and to free the two prisoners. (Laotians have charged through the audience, screaming and attacking the soldiers.) The soldiers attack them with gun butts and fists and shoot the woman and child whose bodies jump with the impact of every shot. Then all the Laotians are brutally slaughtered. Lt. Wasp is very pleased that the gooks are killed and congratulates his men. The Lt. orders the GIs to wait while he goes back to supervise the movement of the South Vietnamese ARVN forces.

Soldiers search the bodies of the Laotians for identification, kicking them now and then. Soldiers are passing a joint around.

Floyd, a black, moves towards the bodies, followed by a few other GIs. They check pockets for identification and find a letter written to relatives in a nearby hamlet, as is the custom. Floyd reads to letter aloud:

"To my beloved family,
If you receive this letter it will mean that I am dead. As poor rice peasants, we must not be saddened by my death, but take it as inspiration that I have died for the freedom of my people. Please tell the children not to cry but to have courage and be strong."

(Moment of silence) Then the GIs begin to shout:

Floyd: "No Vietnamese ever called me nigger!"

Joe, an Indian: "I am a redman, the white people ravaged my country as they are doing here."

Manuel, a Mexican-American: "At home I am called a field nigger. Is it for these people that I fight a war?"

An Appalachian GI: "At my home in Meigs county, my land has been destroyed by rich mining corporations. We are poor against the rich as are these farmers."

(Soldiers embrace each other, after throwing down their guns.)

The Lt. returns. Lt. to GIs: "We have orders to burn a nearby village. We will shoot any gooks we find there."

The Lt., who has begun to march away turns to see what is delaying the men. THEY SHOOT him.

Soldiers walk off, two reporters come in, one is taking pictures. One American reporter searches the bodies and takes pictures and notes.

He steps forward and begins to address the audience as if he were reporting the evening news:

"6000 Laotian troops were killed here today. There were no Americans involved. I repeat, there are no U.S. ground troops in Laos.

characters:
Laotian woman and child
4-6 Laotian women and men
Lt. Wasp
four American soldiers: Indian, Black, Appalachian, Chicano

props:
Army hats (5)
guns or sticks (5)
drum
blankets or black p.j.'s for Laotians

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FLETCHER SCHOOL OF LAW AND DIPLOMACY AT TUFTS BOMBED

MEDFORD, Mass. (LNS) -- Early Sunday morning, March 21, the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University was firebombed. The offices of two deans were completely destroyed. Damage was estimated at $75,000. No one was injured.

A handwritten note was found Sunday afternoon claiming responsibility for the bombing. Signed by "The Arson Squad", the note said: "We, an independent group of men, women, and children, bombed Fletcher last night. We did so to express our solidarity with the people of Laos who are fighting against American imperialism led by agents trained in large part at Fletcher." It is not known if the note really was written by those who did the bombing.

The Fletcher School has been the target for attack by Tufts movement groups for the past few years. Recently, the Fletcher School received a $700,000 contract from the Agency for International

Development (AID) to train specialists for work in Southeast Asia. Movement groups circulated petitions demanding that this contract be rejected. Nearly 1,000 Tufts students signed the petition but the contract was still accepted.

Likewise, students earlier had strongly protested a Fletcher program to train top military officers in economics and politics. But the program continued.

Significantly, one of the Deans whose office was destroyed, Edmund Guillion, had vigorously defended the School and its programs against growing student criticism. Arguing for "academic freedom", he claimed the right for Fletcher to train anyone.

Guillion himself is a good example of what the Fletcher School produces through its training. During the final years of French rule in Indochina, Guillion was the U.S. Ambassador to Saigon. Through his office, major American military support was given to the French to fight the Vietnamese revolutionaries. Later, he was appointed Ambassador to the Congo by Kennedy. There he helped to engineer the decline and murder of Patrice Lumumba, a leader of the Congolese revolution.

Like its Dean, the Fletcher School has a long history of serving American interests abroad. Founded in 1933 as a joint effort between Tufts and Harvard, the School has trained a very large number of career diplomats for the U.S. government. Over the years it has done much work for the State Department, the Agency for International Development and the U.S. Information Agency. Currently, over 20% of its 225 students are actually government employees, including many military officers.

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AMERICA ON 19¢ A MEAL:
WELFARE RIGHTS ASKS NON-WELFARE PEOPLE TO TRY IT

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) -- Instead of juice, eggs, bacon and toast, try a slice of toast, a cup of instant coffee and a glass of water for breakfast. For lunch try a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and a glass of reconstituted milk and for dinner substitute a choice of macaroni, cheese and tea or collard greens, rice and kool-aid for meat, vegetables, salad and dessert.

You are allowed 57¢ per day per person for food, personal care and household goods. After preparing these money-saving meals for a week, see how much you have left for soap, toothpaste, shaving cream, toilet paper, sanitary napkins, bus fare, blankets, coats, fresh milk, juice and then imagine doing this every week of every year.

The National Welfare Rights Organization (NWRO) is asking twenty-five non-welfare families in different U.S. regions to live under Nixon's proposed guaranteed minimum income plan of $1600 a year for a welfare family of four for one week, March 28 to April 3, "Test the Nixon Welfare Budget Week."

At the end of the week, "Welfare Banquets" will be held by local WROs. Church groups, civic organizations and peace groups are being asked to sponsor these dinners and to charge each person who comes the price of an average restaurant dinner. Certain well-off people will also be asked to hold dinners in their homes and to charge the prices they pay at the restaurants they and their friends usually eat at.

All proceeds from the week's events will be sent to NWRO to finance its fight against Nixon's welfare bill, to demand that congressmen vote against it, and to promote other legislative hearings on welfare.

Contact: National Welfare Rights
Right to Welfare Campaign
1419 H St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

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NATION-WIDE TAX RESISTANCE CALLED FOR

NEW YORK (LNS)--The People's Coalition for Peace and Justice is distributing a pamphlet calling for a Nationwide Tax Resistance.

The pamphlet states "We ask all those who owe tax money on April 15 to withhold anything from $10 to $50 from their check and instead pool these "withheld funds" within their own cities and contribute the pooled funds to one or more projects in the community. Such projects could range from a daycare center to anaddiction service, from a community health clinic to a breakfast program."...

People are urged to tell IRS why they are withholding their money.

Technically the government can prosecute tax resisters, but in practice they levy against one's bank account or salary for the amount due."

"The tax you withhold will ultimately be collected" the pamphlet admits. However it goes on to state that "In staff time, forms, etc., it will cost the government far more to collect $10-50 than the $10-50 it collects " and that this action will create "a massive resistance which it will be hard for the government to deal with."

Also, because the IRS is bureaucratic and inefficient it will take them a while to collect. So, whatever you withhold from your April tax cannot be used by the government to kill people in Indochina for at least six months.

"We are organizing local centers--"Peoples Life Funds"--that will receive your checks and arrange for one or more groups in the community to receive the funds collected..."

If there is no funcitoning group in your area, you can make your check out to People's Life Fund and mail it c/o Brad Lyttle , People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, 1029 Vermont Ave., NW, Suite 900, Washington, DC, 20005.

The pamphlet was signed by over 50 people. Among them were Dave Dellinger, Noam Chomsky, Grace Paley, Allen Ginsberg, Julius Lester, and Robert Bly.

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SAIGON REGIME JAILS TWO CATHOLIC PRIESTS: "THEY WOULD LIKE TO GAG THE PRESS"

SAIGON (LNS) -- Two Vietnamese Catholic priests, Father Truong Ba Can, historian and essayist, and Father Chan Tin, editor of the now closed down monthly magazine, Doi Dien, have been sentenced to nine months in prison on charges of "dissemination of ideas considered favorable to the Communists." The two were convicted after the magazine published a three-part series by Father Can on the history of the North Vietnamese revolution.

The convictions put President Thieu, a Catholic, into a confrontation with his most stable power base, the Catholics. In the past, Catholic intellectuals have generally had greater lattitude for criticism and analysis than other South Vietnamese writers. Significant segments of the Catholic church have come to the defense of the two priests, including those considered staunch anti-communists.

While Father Tin is appealing the decision and calling on peace forces and journalists to oppose the government move, Father Can has decided to spurn his chance for appeal and go to prison.

In a recent interview, Father Tin said the government is "now very embarrassed" by the case. "It is now trying to find some means of keeping Father Can out of jail." Tin feels that the opposition in Catholic circles to the sentences has Thieu worried.

The editor of a Catholic newspaper which is published in the south by North Vietnamese deserters, Xay Dung, has come out with an editorial stating the church "needs a generation of men like Can," and praising his "dissent and idealism." Father Hoang Ouynh, a leading figure among these deserters has stated that this government move is connected with the coming September presidential election.

As Tin says, "They would like to gag the press, by throwing two journalist-priests in jail. Other journalists will think if they can do that to two Catholic priests, what will they do to me?" The decision to sentence the two priests came on the heels of a government decision to withdraw Thieu's most recent press censorship decree.

The major theme of Doi Dien's articles in the past year, during which time it has been confiscated off the newstand for eight straight months, have been not only an end to the war, but also opposition to American dominance of South Vietnam. It has appealed for reconciliation between Communist and non-Communist Vietnamese.

The article which sparked the government move against Doi Dien is a three-part series entitled "25 Years of the August Revolution: Building Socialism in North Vietnam." Father Can noted in an interview that the first part, "Ho Chi Minh's government's war to win independence from the French," was not condemned by Thieu. "The French are no longer here," he said. "It is more dangerous to discuss the Americans."

The essay represents the first effort by a South Vietnamese historian to publish an account of the north which does not hide the author's respect for the accomplishments of North Vietnam.

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[Information for this article was provided by D. Gareth Porter of Dispatch News Service.]

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REVOLT & REPRESSION IN MARTINIQUE: "WE ARE ON THE EVE OF 1789"

by Schofield Coryell
LIBERATION News Service

FORT DE FRANCE, Martinique (LNS) -- Martinique, the tiny sugar cane island in the Caribbean and birthplace of Frantz Fanon, is in a state of rebellion.

Though legally defined since 1945 as a department of France -- like Normandy -- Martinique is a colony in every sense. The prefect, who rules the island and gives orders to the police, is named by the French government. His word is law.

Because of lack of work opportunities on the island, over 1/4 of the island's population of 320,000 have been driven to live and work in France where they are chanelled into the lowest paid jobs, as maids and servants, hospital attendants, or unskilled factory labor.

Martinique's economy, meanwhile, is deteriorating rapidly. Half of the people are unemployed. Most of the others live on bare subsistence wages, working as agricultural laborers on the sugar plantations, or on the pineapple and banana farms.

Martinique, an island of 425 sq. miles, is only half the size of Rhode Island. Eighty percent of the land belongs to a handful of rich, white creoles, the bekes, descendants of the early French colonists. They live in luxury while the people of Martinique -- who are mostly of African, Asian or Latin American origin -- are poor and often hungry, despite the fact that Martinique is a fertile and potentially wealthy island.

There has been very little economic development of the island, and even basic foodstuffs like fruit-juices, meat and fish have to be imported from France and elsewhere. The only attempts the local bourgeoisie have made to improve the economy is to build fancy hotels, in the hope of luring tourists.

In recent months, a new militant organization has sprung up in the capital city of Fort de France. The goal of the G.A.P. (Proletarian Action Group) is full independence and a socialist Martinique.

At the end of January, a group of young leftists from G.A.P. mounted a protest campaign against the excessively high price of seats for a scheduled football match between the local team of Fort de France and a Brazilian team with the famous star, Pele. The price for a ticket was so exhorbitant that only the wealthy could attend.

The militants scrawled on the walls of Fort de France: "One Seat = Weeks Wages!" "We'll see Pele without Paying!" and the familiar "Power to

(continued on next page)

the People!" and "Independence and Socialism!" The gendarmes immediately arrested several members of the G.A.P. and dragged them to court, where they were given sentences of three to six months for "defacing public buildings."

G.A.P. called a demo to protest the sentences, an action which the prefect hurriedly banned. The day of the demonstration there were sharp clashes between demonstrators and the gendarmes. A meeting was held in the City Hall, with the agreement and approval of Fort de France's leftist Mayor -- black poet Aime Cesaire, who declared: "This is the house of the people."

Under orders of the prefect, club-swinging gendarmes charged wildly into city hall and occupied it, roughly attacking and beating everybody in sight, despite the protests of the Mayor.

Tension between police and young people has been building in Martinique for some time, because of the worsening economic and political situation. In Martinique and neighboring Guadeloupe -- unlike in France -- police frequently open fire on protesters.

As one radical Martiniquan student in Paris explained, "Conditions on the island are getting increasingly intolerable, and the French colonialists have no other answer than the club and the machine-gun.

"But nearby Cuba -- which before its revolution was in no better shape than we are -- shows us what can be done, despite the difficulties and obstacles."

The French recently attempted a maneuver to replace the progressive mayor of Fort de France, with a man named Rimizi, bemedalled veteran of French colonial adventures in Indochina and Algeria. The authorities spent lavish sums for their propaganda, and mobilized a formidable show of police forces for the municipal elections. The result for them was disappointing: Cesaire won 27,000 of the 34,000 votes.

In a post-election interview with a Paris weekly, Cesaire pointed out that in the face of mounting anti-colonialist sentiment the French authorities on the island are so nervous that even the small amount of municipal power in the hands of a leftist Mayor has become intolerable. "That is why they went to so much trouble to try to oust me." Cesaire advocates autonomy for the island and the right of self-determination. "We are on the eve of 1789 [the year French Revolution began]," he declared.

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We fear not heaven nor earth,
For a thousand families
Have become one family,
And though for three years
Heaven denies us rain,
See how our land has water
And golden flowers laughing.

Laiwu, Shantung

[NOTE TO EDITORS: The following articles on Guinea-Bissau can be run as a unit -- possibly as a centerfold. Be sure to check out the first-rate photos in the graphics section and on the cover which can accompany these stories. Although the war going on in Guinea-Bissau has not made the daily papers, it is every bit as real as the war in Vietnam. We think that the underground media have a real opportunity to communicate a sense of the variety of revolutionary struggles in the world today with these first-hand accounts of war in Africa.]

AT THE FRONTIER OF GUINEA-BISSAU: A JOURNAL

By Mike Shuster

LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's note: Two LNS reporters recently spent seven months travelling in Africa, including a visit into the liberated territory of Guinea-Bissau, where guerrillas of the PAIGC -- the African Party for the Independence of Guinea and the Cape Verde Islands -- are fighting to overthrow Portuguese rule. PAIGC now controls more than three-quarters of the country. The LNS reporters were the first Americans ever to set foot in the interior. Mike's journal was written over a period of eight days, just at he and Andy Marx were about to march into the interior with a PAIGC unit.)

Sunday, Sept. 20

We are at the frontier of Guinea-Bissau now, waiting for a small boat to move closer to the southern region of the country which we are going to visit. Sampa, our interpreter and friend, says that it is too difficult to walk from here, so we need to take the boat.

Five days ago we arrived in Conakry. At the airport customs, there was a note from PAIGC waiting for us, instructing customs officials that we were their guests. The customs officials called the office of PAIGC to have someone come to meet us at the airport. All this hospitality and ease in dealing with bureaucrats was something very new after the months of letter writing, of sitting in bureaucrats' offices, of explaining ourselves, of arranging, fixing, making sure, finding out... "Has the visa come today? Will it come tomorrow? Is there anything you can do?"

But now no more of that, at least until we leave the wilds of the forest and return to the civilized city again. For now, in this war, in the forest, in the rain, in the heat and humidity, we are provided for, well provided for. We are welcomed. We are comrades.

There had been two days of luxurious rest in Conakry. We were given a room at the Hotel Camayenne, perhaps the only tourist hotel in the capital of this former French colony. A huge, grand hotel with what seems to be room for hundreds of people, and dining space for at least 150; a huge, slightly rundown tourist

hotel with no one there. For the two of us, there is a room with a double bed, its own bathroom and shower, beautiful view to the sea, closets, mosquito nets, hot water! -- all this luxury. Meals in the grand French style of soup, salad (fresh tomatoes or avocadoes), meat and potatoes and vegetables, and fruit for desert. I told Vasco Cabral, who had picked us up at the airport, that we were not used to staying in hotels like this.

We had to spend two days in this luxurious impatience. At first they told us we would be leaving for the interior the next day. But the next day came and passed. There were preparations for other matters that were not finished, and it was not until the following morning that we actually set out.

This seems to be a developing pattern: there is no great haste to get things accomplished, although there is no waste of time. It's just that things seem to be done thoroughly, efficiently, completely, with meticulous regard to each detail.

The night of our arrival Vasco Cabral arrived at our hotel with Pires, and together we went over each item that we would need for living and dealing with conditions in the interior. Did we have the right kind of footwear, trousers, enough socks, packs for our backs -- too heavy, not strong enough. And protection from the rain? Our ponchos were not quite what was needed, they laughed. Pens and paper, plastic for protection, medicine for malaria and diarrhea, all the innoculations, hats, batteries for the tape recorders. It was this initial encounter with Pires, especially, that made me feel both excited and safe about the prospects of going to the interior.

The interior began to become real to me and the idea of a person, a common person, being a revolutionary and fighting for the liberation of his country and his people also began to become real, concretely real to me. Pires was the first person that I have ever met who is a guerrilla and nothing more. He is not a diplomat, not a politician, not responsible for matters of international relations, not a theoretician or a representative in a foreign country, not a propagandist in an information office. He knew about what pants were best for walking through rivers, what boots last best in the rain, what was the best protection from all the water.

Now I realize that Pires is a commander, a man of higher rank in the army of the PAIGC. His military experience began before the commencement of the armed struggle in Africa. It began with the Portuguese, when as a student he had to serve for three years in the Portuguese army. Pires rose to the level of lieutenant. His specialty was radar. Now he fights against the Portuguese for his country.

Pires is 33 years old. Sometimes he seems like a young boy, awkward and gangling: the awkwardness of a boy not well versed in the delicate arts of society -- politeness, propriety, protocol. At other times he is very tired, his eyes are heavy, his shoulders droop, his feet drag. Pires is a man I trust from the instant I meet him. It is necessary for me to trust him and I do.

The day we departed from Conakry, we were given uniforms (clothes made by the "Usine Militaire" of the Republic of Guinea), drinking cups, and eating utensils. The first part of the journey to the frontier was uneventful. Still in the Republic of Guinea, we stopped at Boke -- a sort of way-station for people going to and from the interior of Guinea-Bissau. There was room enough in two or three houses for about 50 people to sleep, as well as a large kitchen where meals were prepared for all.

This way-station is a good place, a friendly place. It must be good to come here after the hardships of forest living; for me it was welcome after only the truck drive from Conakry. It was clean, warm; there are many beds and mosquito nets, a toilet that you can sit down on, a refrigerator, lots of water, and it is easy to bathe. One of the first things that is remarkable about this place at Boke is the spirit of the people here. There are militants who are seeing each other for the first time in a long time. There are always people coming in and out, people embracing, shaking hands, smiling. A great deal of warm feeling among people. And a great deal of warm feeling for strangers who are "camarades."

We remained at Boke for a day and a half. During the day of our departure from Boke, in the hot, bright afternoon sky, two small jet fighter planes came screaming overhead.

In New York there are always, day and night, jets roaring overhead. The sound of an airplane is taken for granted, an everyday occurrence. But in the forest of Northern Guinea it is no such thing. You take notice of something you have really not noticed before. And because you are near a zone of war, although you really don't know concretely what that means, you find yourself asking questions like: "Could the Republic of Guinea have planes like that, for the PAIGC certainly doesn't?" and "If they do not belong to the Republic of Guinea, then the only other possibility is that they are Portuguese..." and "If they are Portuguese, then are they going to drop bombs and shoot rockets at us -- at me?" and "If they do this, how am I going to deal with it?"

All this crossed my mind as the fighters sped past, and were out of sight in seconds. For an instant I felt totally helpless, totally overwhelmed by a force of destruction the magnitude of which we have not yet experienced in the U.S. They've clubbed us, gassed us, shot us, but no planes, and no bombs, yet.

This feeling of mine was only momentary, not something to be considered seriously. not yet, not for me, the good, safe son of the American non-violent silent class. And anyway, someone quickly said that they wereplanes of the Republic of Guinea, that there was nothing to worry about.

But today, in a small forest camp on the edge of the frontier, we are informed by a Radio Conakry broadcast that the two planes sighted over Boke the day before were Portuguese planes; this was the first time that Portuguese planes had violated so deeply (over 100 kilometers, or 60 miles) Guinean airspace. The broadcast continued, saying that if it happened

again, the Republic of Guinea would be forced to make the appropriate response. Whatever that is.

Monday, Sept. 21

Today is the second day at the frontier of Guinea. We are waiting for a boat and another group of militants to go into the interior.

Yesterday was the first time I have ever been face-to-face with a large group of armed men. In order to get into the interior, you must pass through the frontier territory, "liberated territory" controlled by the army of the PAIGC. There is what seemed to me to be a well-armed unit stationed very near by. They carry AK submachine guns of different kinds, bazookas, and light machine guns.

We stopped so that Pires could review these troops before settling at the small camp. The "review" is not conventional. The troops merely line up and the commander, that is, Pires, says OK and that's all.

From here it is only one or two kilometers to our camp. And here as we wait, militants come and go. All day long armed men appear from within the forest, and others disappear, very quickly, very quietly. Some walked from 60 to 120 miles inside the interior to come here and exchange their weapons for new ones, and then left to go back again. What amazes me is that these people walk into our camp like they have come from next door or across the street. I think that if I finally reached my destination after walking a hundred miles, I would immediately collapse. At least I would be breathing hard, or making agonized faces, or rubbing my feet. Not these people. Sampa says that because I am taller than most of the others, I am stronger, and I tell him "No!" but he tells me "Yes!" He will soon see, and so will I.

Tuesday, Sept. 22

It is important for me to try to express what I felt about my relationship to all of this as an American, or how I will relate to America as I experience my time spent here with the partisans. As I stay away from the U.S. longer and longer, I realize how tremendously influential all aspects of American life are on the rest of the world. The subtler aspects of America -- what you might characterize as cultural effects-- trigger the most deeply emotional responses in me. They make me understand more and more that I am very deeply American, that I am a product of the United States. All my thoughts and feelings are distinctly American. Someone who wished to become close to me would have to understand America too. And I would want them to understand my country, because all that is in me must be understood in terms of the deeply powerful, overwhelming culture of the United States.

As I sit in the forest of Guinea waiting to set my feet on liberated land, when I think of my home (and I do think of it as my home) I see the New Jersey Turnpike rising up on trestles over the polluted marshland of northern New Jersey, rising up through the yellow-brown stench-filled air of New York City... I see railroads, the Penn Central railroad, the Long Island railroad, and rows of grey stetson hats rocking gently with the movement of the cars above open newspapers, as the early morning sun filters quietly through the green trees of the suburbs.

I see the George Washington Bridge, the San Francisco Bay Bridge, the Benjamin Franklin Bridge, Delaware Memorial Bridge, Verrazzano Narrows Bridge, I see the Lincoln Tunnel, the Holland Tunnel, the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel, the Queens Midtown Tunnel. I see the Schuykill Expressway, the Dan Ryan Expressway, the Santa Monica Freeway, Ventura Freeway, the Hollywood Freeway. I see signs that say "Philadelphia the electric city!"...Quality Court... Go with Gulf!... Happy motoring... "Atlantic Keeps Your Car on the Go!" I see hamburgers, hot dogs, french fries, milk shakes.

All these things are not simply abstract thoughts, creations of my imagination. They are real, concrete aspects of my world, all in my head and my body. Sometimes when I think of something in the U.S., see a place, feel a person, remember something said, the warm grasp of a handshake, the soft touch of a kiss, the glance of an eye on the subway, a smell, or a taste, I feel it throughout my entire body; my arms and neck tingle and my stomach is queasy.

All of these things are a world I feel so deeply all the time, a world always saturating my conscious thoughts, permeating my memories and my feeling of the present. They all exist on the American soil, on American pavements, and roads and concrete; in American homes and buildings, inside American rooms, on American chairs and beds, and toilets. In American kitchens with American food, on American plates; and in American cars, Americans subways and buses. This concrete and steel and glass structure houses my mind and body.

So here I sit now in the forest of Guinea. It is very quiet, a few soft voices speaking languages I don't understand, a few birds making their noises in clean air, real land, real soil, not concrete. And what do I see? A submachine gun standing against an olive green trunk, a parachutist's AK, clips of bullets scattered about the room.

A sleeping man is in the bed across from me. I can only see his legs because of the mosquito net that drapeshis bed. He is Joesph Sampa, 23, a militant with the party who is fighting in the armed struggle against the Portuguese colonialists. Outside there are people who wear olive drab and khaki and camouflaged clothes made in the military factories of the Republic of Guinea and Algeria and Cuba. They carry Russian pistols on their hips, and they are always embracing each other. They listen to broadcasts over the Voice of Liberation, on the shortwave radio, and they call each other comrade.

Some people chop wood from the forest to cook our meals, meals of rice and milk that comes from cans corned beef that comes from cans, chicken a la king that comes from cans. We eat from tin cups, we wash ourselves with buckets of water standing naked in the forest,-- a very strange place for me to find myself standing naked--and we shit in a hole in the ground.

dug further into the forest.

Over there are deep trenches and an underground shelter, because of the possibiliy of bombing. People with rifles and machine guns and bazookas come and go out of the forest, carry packs on their backs and packs around their waists with clips and pans of hundreds of rounds of ammunition; bullets that easily tear through the body of human beings, large steel projectiles which leap with tremendous force and speed and frequency from the tip of the guns, spitting fire, roaring, that easily cause death.

I sit inside a room made of trees and grass and mud, eat by the light of revolutionary lanterns, cans filled with a mixture of oil and kerosene, or palm oil, or peanut oil. Tomorrow I will be in the interior of Guinea-Bissau.

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JOSEPH: PORTRAIT OF A GUINEAN REVOLUTIONARY

by Andy Marx

LIBERATION News Service

LIBERATED GUINEA-BISSAU and CONAKRY, Republic of Guinea (LNS)--Joseph Sampa is just about my age, 23 to my 22. He wears a uniform almost all the time and looks unnatural and uncomfortable dressed in anything else.

After more than ten hours of marching, slogging our way endlessly through swamps that often reach as high as our chests, he does not seem tired. He sits back easily on his heels and draws patterns on the ground with a broken off stick. Ten or fifteen men cluster around to watch--some lean on their bazookas, others carry AK-47 sub-machine guns across their shoulders. Joseph and his diagrams are explaining the qualities of the AK-47, mapping the trajectory of its bullets, fixing the spot you should aim at on a person according to how far away they are in order to do the most damage. Joseph knows a lot about things like that. Then they move on to diagramming proper positions for ambushes--"I would put a bazooka here, here a machine gun."

Joseph knows a lot of things. He is our principal guide and translator, speaking to and for us in French with a heavy Portuguese accent. "Parsh que," he says--"Parsh que nous shommes camarades." We are comrades, he says. We are friends.

"I first became active when I was 14 or 15, back in '60 or '61. I don't remember exactly. My older brother, he was a teacher and also active with the party. We were living in Bolama then. Sometimes my brother would ask me to carry messages for him because I could move around more easily and if anyone asked me that I was doing I would try and look very young and innocent."

A look of bewildered naivite drops across his face and he laughs. "It was not so hard to fool them [the Portuguese] since they thought we were all idiots anyway."

I try to imagine what he would have looked like then, as a 14 year old. He is a large man now, tall, loose-jointed, slightly fleshy and slow-seeming--perhaps out of the great good-naturedness of his face, the slow warmth of his smile, his seemingly total lack of fierceness. (He has almost seven years as a party militant in wartime behind him, including 18 months of military training in Russia.)

I don't hear the rest of his story all at once. It comes out bit by bit along the long route we cover together. Sitting and drying ourselves by a fire in a small hut, warm and relaxed after marching six hours through a downpour to arrive at this village where we will stay the night, more than 100 miles deep in liberated territory:

"I was working in the South [around '61 and '62]. Then things started to get a little comme ca!" (He holds his hands out, palms up, unsteady as if balancing an overflowing dish of water--'like that,' a little shaky.)

"The Portuguese began to arrest a lot of people. They arrested my brother. They caught me. I was carrying some messages and food to comrades who had gone out into the bush. I was captured by a Portuguese patrol along one of the rivers. They held me overnight questioning me again and again. But I wouldn't tell them anything--only cry and tell them I was just carrying the food for a celebration for the end of the school year. Finally they let me go and I escaped to the capital, and from there up to the north, up near the border of Senegal. I stayed there for quite a while."

Even early along our route of march, he becomes more a companion than a translator. To the point where he gets really good at teasing us--sitting casually at a table and startling us into nervous denials by saying, "Oh, the imperialists are good." Until slowly it dawns on us that he is pulling our legs, when he gives a demonstration of what he means by scattering a number of things across the table, then hoarding them together possessively in front of himself and leaning back in his chair with hands folded across an imaginary paunch. "You see how imperialism is good. It is good for me."

We should have known he had to be kidding to fight the war he is fighting, should have kept in mind other things he and his friends told us. Like: "You know, the Cubans republished an American book written for the U.S. army about how to fight against a guerrilla movement in a place like Vietnam. I read it. . .and it was like reading a book about what the Portuguese do here--with their helicopters, their bombings, their attempts to terrorize, divide and imprison the population. Not only do the Americans supply them with weapons, they tell them what to do with them." Then a smile. "Fortunately, it doesn't work any better here than it does against our brothers and sisters in Vietnam."

Joseph's fondness is solicitous--sometimes to the smothering point. Once, even, I flare up in irritation as he asks for the tenth time whether I am too tired to continue--and feel a fierce rush of affection and amazement a half-hour later that we, from the immense distance of our two worlds, should

have grown so close that I could express my irritation. His hand on my shoulder tells me it's all right.

Joseph, however, never seems to get angry. His emotions, like his movements, like his sense of events, sometimes stun me with their lack of urgency. As when he tells me calmly, "I would like very much to be sent to the northern front for a while. There is a woman who is working there for the party. I like her very much, perhaps I would like to marry her."

"When was the last time you saw her?"

"It must have been about two years ago."

The whole question of urgency comes home to me when we arrive back in Conakry in the Republic of Guinea, only five days away from being back in New York. A page from my journal, October 23--"When we got here, we found a lot of mail waiting for us.

"Things have changed a lot in the seven months since we left. It all seems so distant, so utterly remote from the spirit and the world in which we have been living this past month, a spirit of winning and cohesion in a world of sharp realities. But it's not just the changes that make Liberation News Service, New York City, the USA seem so fantastically far away. More than anything, it's the motive force which seems always to push behind the words we read in these letters, a groping, restless anger, at once tongue-tied and eloquent, that was present before we left, will be present when we return, for the time being at least one of the surest proofs of our oppression and the bane of our attempts to combat it.

"When I read these letters it floods through me, sinks me to the point where I feel a sudden burst of intense relief just seeing Joseph's face, his smile, his easy uniformed body. Relief mixed with regret because I know that we can never be like him and shouldn't really try to be, that I could never even hope to explain to him what this is all about, or why I'm so glad to see him, can only hope that he recognizes the gladness and takes it for what it is worth."

He comes to see us a few times while we wait in Conakry as guests in a plush hotel, looking vaguely uncomfortable in those surroundings as he never did in the forest or in the villages where he would always be surrounded by peasants asking hundreds of questions about the party and the war effort and me.

The parting with Joseph really leaves me sad. He and I come up to the hotel to pick up some things he had left here (including half of a bottle of scotch we had picked up in the airport transferred into plastic bags so he can carry it in his pockets.) He pours a little scotch into two glasses so that we can clink them and smile at each other. We down it in one swallow and smile at each other again before going downstairs to the lobby to shake hands and look back just once over our shoulders at each other as he goes out the door and down the stairs and out of sight.

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[NOTE TO EDITORS: The following background material on Guinea-Bissau should be helpful to your readers. It can be run in a box along with the journal and/or Andy's story on Joseph.]

GUINEA-BISSAU: SOME BACKGROUND MATERIAL

LIBERATION News Service

The small country of Guinea-Bissau, sandwiched between the Republic of Guinea and Senegal on the west coast of Africa, has a population of fewer than one million Africans. There are perhaps three or four thousand Portuguese civilians -- the heirs of Portuguese colonial rule that dates back 450 years to the beginnings of the trans-Atlantic slavetrade.

The rest of West Africa was the sought-after prize of both England and France; in the mid-19th century, Britain aided Portugal in securing Portuguese control overthe territory, in exchange for Portugal aiding Britain against the French who controlled all the surrounding territory. They named the country "Portuguese Guinea."

But the Portuguese actually knew very little of this country, or of the people who lived here. The "Tugas" (as the Africans contemptuously call the colonialists) took a long time in penetrating the country's interior, huddling close to the coast and the coastal capital city of Bissau. Wars and "pacification campaigns" by the Portuguese that began in the 1870's and went on for half a century were met by strong resistance. A report in 1915 describes the Portuguese living "behind the defense of their town walls, and no one could go safely into the interior." Pacification campaigns continued as late as 1936, and still the Portuguese could not gain complete control of some parts of the countryside.

Slowly, during the 20th century, the Portuguese established a measure of "control" -- they managed, at least, to extract heavy taxes from the rural population on everything grown, sold, or bought. The farmers from the interior were forced to cultivate cash crops to be sold for export to the Portuguese--at barely a subsistence price. The forced-export cultivation cut severely into the domestic food supply, deepening the Africans' poverty and malnutrition.

Infant mortality during the height of colonial rule was staggering -- 600 out of every 1000 babies died. There was only one doctor for every 100,000 Africans, and only 300 hospital beds in the country.

Only a negligible number of Africans could acquire higher education, and only by becoming "assimilados" -- quitting their African status, embracing all Portuguese attitudes, forgetting their own culture, language, traditions, and people. By the 1950's, the proportion of assimilados in the Portuguese colonies was little more than 1/2 of 1 percent.

Only 1% of the entire population had attained even elementary literacy. There was only one secondary school in Guinea-Bissau, and 60% of its pupils were European. By 1960, a total of 11 Africans from the country had acquired higher education--as assimilados in Portugal.

As in Portugal itself, any kind of political activity that might have changed this situation was banned -- no meetings, no debates, no free press, no trade unions, no political organizations.

In Sept. 1956, a few Africans met in the

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capital city of Bissau. Under the leadership of Amilcar Cabral, one of the colony's very few college graduates, they formed the PAIGC (African Independence Party of Guinea and the Cape Verde Islands). The islands are under Portuguese domination. PAIGC now controls 3/4 of the country of Guinea-Bissau.

The Party proceeded to make peaceful appeals for political and social change. Their appeals were answered by silence and increased repression.

Three years after the formation of the Party, dock workers organized by the PAIGC began a strike for higher wages. The Portuguese dealt with their demands by opening fire with machine guns on the striking workers. Some 50 people lost their lives.

A month later, on September 19, 1959, the leaders of PAIGC met in secret on the outskirts of Bissau and declared that open struggle against the Portuguese was now a necessity. "By all possible means, including war."

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"SHOOT-IN IN BIRMINGHAM:
ALABAMA BLACK LIBERATION FRONT ON TRIAL

BIRMINGHAM (LNS) -- After waiting for six months in a Birmingham jail, two members of the Alabama Black Liberation Front (ABLF) will stand trial on March 29, charged with assault on police officers with a deadly weapon. If convicted, Wayland Bryant, 42, and Ronald Williams, 23, each face a possible 20 year sentence.

On Sept. 14, twenty sheriff's deputies in full riot gear showed up at a small house in Tarrant City, a suburb of Birmingham. Without warning, they began lobbing tear gas and shooting into the house. Ronald Williams was wounded in the neck when the police -- still shooting -- kicked the door in. All five people inside were arrested and forced to crawl on their hands and knees out to the sidewalk. Charges against the other three --also ABLF members -- were later dropped.

Sheriff Mel Bailey announced to the press that the raid was a successful effort by his department to avert an ambush by the ABLF.

The deputies testified that the occupants of the house had fired on them first. However, only two guns were found in the house -- a shotgun and a rifle -- and neither had been fired. After a preliminary hearing failed to produce any evidence that shots were fired from the house, the charge was changed from assault with intent to murder to assault on a police officer with a deadly weapon, also a felony.

"It was a shoot-in. It wasn't a shoot-out," one defense attorney noted in disgust after the hearing.

The ABLF was organized here about a year ago. For several months prior to the raid, Sheriff Bailey and other public officials had publically attacked ABLF as a "terrorist" organization and a Black Panther affiliate. Three weeks before the bust, one of Bailey's top deputies made a trip to Philadelphia to confer with police there about Panther groups.

(The Philly police have attacked the local Panther office on several occasions. The last raid, conducted just prior to the People's Constitutional Convention Plenary Session was a notable failure: massivepublic protest forced an apology -- under orders from Chief of Police Rizzo -- from the deputy who had axed down the Panthers door and made them strip naked on the street.)

The Birmingham police evidently decided their chance had come to crack down on the ABLF when they heard that Williams, Bryant and three other members of ABLF were going to talk with Mrs. Bernice Turner in Tarrant City.

Mrs. Turner is a domestic worker and mother of 15 children, 5 of them still living. In 1960, she bought a three-room house and signed mortgages for $4100. By 1970, according to her receipts, she had paid a total of $7983 on the loans. The mortgage company told her she still owed $1400. After several months of fighting eviction threats, she heard that the ABLF was interested in problems of this kind and asked them to help her.

The police attack came when the five ABLF representatives were discussing Mrs. Turner's situation and the support they could organizer for her. It was her home that the police raided. Fortunately, Mrs. Turner had just stepped out before the police arrived.

Williams and Bryant were thrown into a tiny 6 x 12 foot cell. For two weeks they were denied a lawyer and were given half rations of food.

For the last six months, other members of ABLF have been harassed by police. Whenever they distribute literature they now expect to be illegally searched or arrested on phony charges. And Mrs. Turner has been evicted from the house she has been paying for for the last ten years.

Send messages of support and contributions for the defense to: ABLF Defense Fund, PO Box 6144, University, Alabama 35486.

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COLLEGE PRESIDENTS CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE

WASH. D.C. (LNS) -- The annual turnover of university and college presidents has jumped nearly 30% in the last three years, according to Dr. Warren G. Bennis, former vice president of the State Univ. of NY at Buffalo. He writes in the April issue of Atlantic Monthly that "The work is rough, physically exhausting, even dangerous. University presidents may lose fewer teeth than hockey officials, but they have a startling number of heart attacks."

Although he didn't dwell on the effect last May's college uprisings had on resigning collegepresidents, he did give statistics that in the first two months of 1970 new presidents were named to 42 colleges and that 100 presidents resigned by June of that year.

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UNIVERSITY INFIRMARY HIT

ALBANY (LNS) -- Women celebrated International Women's Day at the State Univ. of NY at Albany by presenting demands at the Infirmary -- calling for free gynecoloigcal exams, free birth control and free abortion counselling for all women in the Univ. community.

Early in the day women went into the bookstore and threw copies of Playboy and other "girlie" mags on the floor.

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[See graphics]

"WE MET THEM WITH OUR BARE HANDS, AND WE WON": AN INTERVIEW WITH NGUYEN THI HONG

LIBERATION News Service

[Editor's note: The following interview was done by two LNS staffers, Anne and Karen, who have just returned from a two-week trip to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam.]

HANOI (LNS) -- When Nguyen Thi Hong heard that two American women were in Hanoi she asked permission from the hospital staff to be allowed to come over to the PRG embassy for a little while to talk to us. Hong (her name means "rose") had come up north from Da Nang to be treated for malaria. She is 29.

"I have had the opportunity to meet many Americans," she said. Then she grinned, kicked off her sandals, and plunged into a description of how she and her family and friends have learned to deal with this particular problem in the South.

"During the special pacification program the Americans picked Vietnamese puppets to be the heads of our villages. Then they forced the children and old people to pull up all the bamboo trees around our village to make it easy to wipe out the VC if they should approach. The GIs needed space to build their military posts, so they levelled our graveyards and even our crops. What did the people think when the Americans plowed up our crops? -- That there would be a famine, of course. We had no other choice but to rise up."

We heard the logic of revolution over and over again in Hanoi, as we met Vietnamese, Cambodians, Laotians -- "We had no other choice." Fight or die. Hong talked about the three forms of struggle her village has engaged in. They are the same, she says, throughout the South: agitation among GIs, political organization, and armed struggle.

"In May, 1967, a platoon of Americans raided our village. They arrested a 45-year-old peasant, who had the required identity card of the Thieu-Ky-Khiem regime in his pocket. He was just an ordinary person like anyone else, except he also had 1500 dong [$428] in his pocket. They shot him for the money. Then they took his body into an empty house and burned him and the house to hide their crime.

"The villagers knew the GIs were taking his body to burn it -- they gathered a large crowd of people and went to ask for the body, but they couldn't rescue it in time. Only his bones were left.

"So the people took the bones up to the military post. We told the GIs what their friends had done and tried to appeal to them. We said, 'Why are you attacking men, women and children this way? Why are you destroying our crops?' We begged them not to steal from us and said, 'Don't you know that taking eggs from the people is just plain thievery?'

"One GI at least listened and let us into the military post. We brought the bones and petitions in to the post commander. Our petitions demanded a stop to the random killing. We came back to that post again and again with more demands, until we forced the commander to agree to give the people whose home was destroyed timber for a new house, a coffin for the dead man, and 50,000 piastres compensation to his family."

Hong remarked angrily that there is no real compensation for the loss of a human being.

"When we got these demands, we decided to raise the level higher. We marched on the base with banners saying "Down With U.S. Imperialism" and "Immediate Withdrawal!" and demanded compensation in blood. The commander was forced to sign a statement saying that his GIs had murdered an honest man. We harassed them so much that they finally withdrew the post from our village."

Hong was excited now, and her sentences came in quick, staccato bursts:

"Our people were inspired by the results of our struggle, and we became even more united. It was time to organize those who wanted to fight. We captured weapons from the GIs, and used the mines and grenades they left behind after their raids to lay booby traps along the paths.

"Then we tricked the GIs. We said to them through the puppet translator: 'Don't carry out raids in our hamlet -- the VC are here.' So of course they came, and they walked right into the traps. Thirty-nine were killed, eight were wounded and the rest ran for their lives. After that the GIs didn't come back again."

Not, that is, until they hit upon the idea of "accelerating pacification" where whole villages are bulldozed, bombed and sprayed with toxic chemicals to force the peasants off the land and into concentration camps.

"One day the GIs came back to raid our village. This time they burned the houses and the crops. They had an excuse -- they said they 'heard a sound of a shot from somewhere, so the VC must be here.' One hundred and seven armored cars rolled all over our rice fields.

"The peasants have shed tears and blood over those rice fields. We surrounded the tanks and tried to speak to the GIs inside. We said, 'It's only us peasants, no VC.' Old women came with little children and placed them in front of the tanks to keep the GIs from firing, but they just shelled over the children's heads into the hamlet.

"But one old woman brought a 5-month-old baby and put it in the mouth of the tank's gun barrel. The GIs refused to fight in the face of her heroism. The tanks withdrew. We met the GI forces with our bare hands, and we won."

* * *

It was time for Hong to return to the hospital. She presented us with gingham scarves like the ones the women of the South wear. The scarves, casually flipped over in demonstrations, become instant banners with slogans like "Down With U.S. Imperialism" scrawled across them. We

gave Hong some "NLF" hats we had crocheted in red, yellow and blue, and some MAYDAY buttons to take to her friends in the hospital.

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LAOS INVASION OVER--MAJOR DEFEAT FOR U.S.

KHESANH, S. Vietnam(LNS)--With Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese guns pounding at their backs, the surviving members of the U.S.-Saigon force that invaded Laos stumbled back across the border into South Vietnam on March 24.

More than half of the 22,000 men--many of them considered "crack troops" by the Saigon government --were wounded, killed or missing in what is now reguarded by the U.S. military command as the heaviest battle of the Indochina War.

The much-touted invasion (that President Nixon has promised will shorten the war in Southeast Asia) turned into a complete rout of the U.S.-Saigon troops. After three weeks of fighting to gain twenty-four miles of territory around the Tchepone supply center on the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the South Vietnamese troops were forced to abandon every base they set up on their "triumphant" march into Laos. Soldier after returning South Vietnamese soldier spoke bitterly of the uselessness of their campaign; many said they would rather surrender than continue the fighting.

American soldiers who accompanies the South Vietnamese invading force were no more enthusiastic. "We got chased out of there," said one GI, describing the rout from a South Vietnamese firebase inside Laos.

"Chased" is hardly the word. One American correspondent described the trip of a single convoy along the road out of Laos. "When the column had advanced two miles from Base Style (a firebase inside Laos), the lead tank hit a mine, which tore the feet off two soldiers riding above the track. Their crewmates carried them to the next troop carrier and the column rushed by the crippled tank as enemy spotters on the surrounding hills directed in mortar fire.

"The Americans passed more wrecked trucks and tanks. Then, at a small rise within sight of the Laotian border, they saw the first vehicle of a returning tank column that had been trying to fight its way out of Laos since last Saturday (a week before.)"

American casualties during the campaign--mostly helicopter pilots and ground support troops around the border area--were higher than they had been in a year.

Nevertheless, Pentagon sources have been quoted as feeling "deeply disappointed" that the Saigon force pulled out so soon.

No one knows exactly why the U.S. command was so eager to embark on an obviously doomed campaign in Laos. Clearly they regard the South Vietnamese troops as eminently expendable (hundreds, perhaps thousands of those troops were killed or injured by U.S. artillery and bombs); and perhaps they really expected to squat on the Ho Chi Minh Trail with impunity.

Even now, with the invasion a bad memory, American officials still claim that they "disrupted" the operation of the Trail. But the "Ho Chi Minh Trail" is actually a complicated network of many supply routes, and whatever supplies were held up during the fighting around Tchepone will doubtless make it through to the guerrillas in South Vietnam via another branch of the Trail.

While U.S. generals and the puppet leaders back in Saigon toyed with other ideas--invading North Vietnam, resuming all-out bombing of the North, perhaps the massive use of American troops inside Laos--the Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese launched their deadly counter-offensive.

With each day, the invasion force was rolled back a few more miles. Hundreds of American helicopters were forced to fly through heavy flak to rescue stranded troops; as many as fifteen a day never made it back. Of the 200 tanks and support vehicles the South Vietnamese brought with them into Laos, only 85 came back.

The U.S. also sent in tanks to cover the retreat. But the resistance was so heavy that one tank commander remarked angrily, "This is the last time I'm going down this bad son of a bitch!" (referring to the road along which the troops escaped.)

At least two U.S. companies also refused to carry out orders that would have placed them squarely in the line of Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese fire. But morale is so low among the GIs around Khensanh that their commander has yet to reprimand them for the refusal.

North Vietnamese guns continue to pummel the grey-green, scrubby base at Khesanh, which (as of March 17) American military sources said would remain a "permanent" installation. But on March 24, the day that the last of the invading force quit Laos, preparations were underway to dismantle the Khesanh base.

* * *

In a Washington news conference, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, with a perfectly straight face, attributed the major defeat to the "tremendously violent and vicious reaction on the part of the North Vietnamese."

His assistant, Jerry Friedheim remarked that "Obviously the enemy's reaction have some influence on the course of a battle," and said he knew of "no imminent plans" for any new invasions of Pathet-Lao controlled territory in the near future.

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BUY "STEAL THIS BOOK"--ABBIE HOFFMAN'S LATEST

NEW YORK(LNS)--Abbie Hoffman's new book, Steal This Book, is a 350 page "handbook of survival and war fare for the citizens of Woodstock Nation." After thirty major publishing houses rejected the book, Abbie decided to publish it by himself. He's sharing the profits with WPAX Radio which broadcasts to armed forces in Southeast Asia, the N.Y. Law Commune and others. For review copies and more info write Pirate Editions, Inc. 640 Broadway, N.Y. N.Y. 10012, phone (212)677-1552 or 228-5626. -30-

888 LIVES!
THE WOMEN'S TAKEOVER

by Barbara
LIBERATION News Service

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. (LNS) -- Ten days after we seized Harvard's Architectural workshop at 888 Memorial Drive in Cambridge and created our women's center under seige, 80 of us marched out. Our NLF flags were flying. We looked victorious, decorated with multi-colored headbands and face-paint. We carried daffodils, gay liberation banners and Free Ericka signs. The last of us climbed to the top of our 20-foot step ladder and tacked a new message over the row of women's liberation symbols decorating the building. The red lettering, still wet and shiny, told Harvard: "Sorry, we couldn't wait." We locked the door behind us.

We were leaving 888 for the last time, and most of us felt more like crying than participating in a victory march. Why did we leave? To continue to hold the embattled building as Harvard and the Cambridge police argued back and forth about whether or not to throw us out was becoming a huge energy drain. We found it difficult to continue our growing programs. And we felt we had won partial victories on our nuts and bolts demands. Rich feminists gave us $7,000 towards a women's center and have promised more. Harvard has agreed to re-open talks with the community about low income housing.

Finally, over 1000 women used the center at one time or another and thousands more knew of its existence. Our exploits made Boston's headlines day after day. Our press conferences were televised and radio talk shows invited us to speak. Our image as a gay center freaked out the press who demanded a lesbian head count. But even a hostile woman reporter who infiltrated her way inside wrote that she couldn't help sharing our collective triumph the first night.

* * *

Moments after we left the center, Archy Cox, Harvard's troubleshooter, head of the Cox commission on campus disorders, and father of Tricia Nixon's husband-to-be, arrived with the Cambridge police and a crowbar. Cox must have breathed a sign of relief when he found out we were gone. He had just returned from a terrible day in court. Judge Tomasello had refused to extend a temporary restraining order against us -- it was bust then or never. And a bust would have tarnished Harvard's liberal image.

"Why a Harvard building?" First, any large and vacant Cambridge building suitable for a center was certain to be owned either by Harvard or MIT. For example, in Riverside, where 888 is located, rents have doubled in the last ten years as Harvard has gobbled up over a third of the available housing.

Second, since the residents of Riverside have been trying to halt Harvard expansion for years, and want low-income housing in the neighborhood, we found we could help out by adding a low-income housing demand to our demand for a women's center.

Third, Harvard is a male institution. As one Radcliffe student angrily noted at a campus rally held for us -- "Harvard has five male students to one woman student. Of 700 full-time faculty members, only 14 are women."

And last, Harvard participates in the Indochina war. Forty percent of Harvard's income comes from 1100 contracts with the U.S. government, many of them with the armed forces and the CIA.

Why do we want a Women's Center? In the leaflets we gave out on the day we took over 888 -- March 8, International Women's Day -- we promised to open a new women's center to provide the basic services for women which America does not. We promised day care, health referral, legal aid, self defense, a gay women's center, a crash pad, a place to talk over problems. All of us wanted a place to call our own free from men and straight mores. Our 500 bodies made a long parade in the afternoon sun on that day as we marched on to the building. We had doubts about our ability to take the building -- "What if there are 50 pigs surrounding it?" -- and doubts about plopping our white middle class selves into a low-income neighborhood.

The 50 cops never materialized, but hours after we entered the building Harvard turned off the heat, declared us trespassers and had the health department condemn us.

Despite the cold, we managed to set up 24-hour guard duty, have a huge victory party and begin our day care program.

* * *

Susan:
It was a tremendous high -- I never saw so many women hugging, kissing, and enjoying each other. Women looked radiant. I used to feel that other women could touch each other easily, but that I couldn't. After a couple of days, I got to know people, people came up and hugged me and I started hugging other people when I felt like it.

* * *

Carol:
I felt a great burst of energy. Either it was guard duty at 5 am, or organizing mountains of garbage into green plastic bags, or cooking up stew, or getting together a press conference, or teaching auto mechanics. I felt really good, even when I went out to my straight job. Since we've left the center I have stomach cramps and a cold. I never felt sick there, even though it was at times 24 degrees outside and only about 10 degrees warmer in our center.

* * *

Maria:
The first three days I was so confused I didn't know what to do. I had some ideas about what was important, but I didn't know who to ask. Then I figured out there weren't any bosses. A few us us made a general center leaflet -- we designed it, got paper, and found a mimeo machine. When we returned with our product, a lot of people were happy to hand them out at local colleges.

* * *

Judy:
I volunteered to work on Children's Day. I was

nervous, because this was our first big attempt to meet our neighbors and show them that we supported them -- not just on paper, with our demand that Harvard provide low-income housing for Riverside-- but in person, with our wish to be genuinely friendly and helpful.

The party was like a three-ring circus! Two hundred kids and their mothers showed up, many of them local Riverside residents, and we had a blast with street theater, puppet shows, movies, karate, making musical instruments, face painting, and punch. Everyone was risking tresspassing charges and police photographers.

* * *

When we took over 888 Riverside's first reaction to us was scepticism. The last group of middle class whites they had trusted were Harvard students living in the area. When the crunch came during a rent strike, the students had scabbed. But as our support among women in the Boston area grew a community spokeswoman, Saundra Graham, held a televised press conference in which she gave us her personal support:

"It appears that the women at the center have already begun child care, health services and skills classes which are things which could be of real service to many, many people....The threatened actions of the Harvard and Cambridge police against these women are no different from the police violence which has always been used against the people of this community."

New women, from colleges, jobs and marriages appeared at the center daily. A few moved in with their kids. Sometimes our disorganization made it hard for people to know how to fit themselves in. A woman would arrive for a scheduled karate class to discover the teacher had been up all night doing guard duty and was sound asleep, or that the other pupils were away handing out leaflets.

* * *

Barbara:

One day Helen appeared in the doorway as I was sweeping the floor. "Hi. We're going to have movies for kids here," I said.

"Do you live here?"

"I guess so," I replied, since I had spent the last three nights in the center.

"Well, I just came to see what's happening, but I don't think much of women's liberation. I teach girls physics and they don't even want to learn. Women aren't independent. No women ever helped me."

"We're helping each other make this center..."

Eventually Helen, who is married and doesn't want to have children because she feels they hold independent women back, began to cry. Me too, because I could share her feelings.

* * *

The tension between gay and straight women never surfaced into open discussion by the entire group. When we first seized 888, the categories seemingly dissolved into the hugging, kissing and dancing of our victory celebration. No one thought about who was gay and who was straight as we trooped upstairs to share sleeping bags and mattresses, and wrapped our arms and legs together to keep warm.

That women were occupying liberated turf intoxicated us and freed gay energy in many sisters who had thought they were completely straight. Many of us found ourselves falling in love with two, three, many sisters.

But breaking down categories was not to be so simple. A group of gay women began meeting to discuss their growing feelings of alienation from each other and from the center. A few days later in a gay consciousness meeting a gay woman explained what had happened to a lot of sisters:

"Our whole organization fell apart when we got to the center. Now we are realizing that we were so busy doing other center business that none of us had gone to gay bars or written any gay liberation leaflets. In our concern for doing outreach among straight people we were forgetting the potential of gay liberation for bridging class and race barriers. Two of the three black women who spend most of their time here at the center are gay."

* * *

One afternoon around 5 pm 150 of us gathered in our downstairs meeting, eating, and dancing room. The sun flashed its orangy rays through our western windows overlooking the Charles River. Havard crew boats slipped by, oars rising and falling in unison. Rush hour traffic hummed its way down Memorial Drive. Outdoors stood 200 cheering supporters, many of them Harvard and Radcliffe students.

Rumor had it that the Cambridge police were arriving momentarily to oust us from our turf.

As the afternoon glow faded from our orange SMASH PHALLIC IMPERIALISM mural, we held one of our many tense, irritable and confused "What do we do when the pigs come?" discussions. Most of us wanted to engage in some kind of military defense or resistance, but we knew we were no tactical match for the police. We never did come up with a precise strategy, since we couldn't predict what the pigs would do.

As days passed, we realized that the more time we wasted waiting for the police the less time we had to leaflet, run our day care center, hold gay consciousness meetings or plan any of the other activities which made us a women's center, not just a symbolic building takeover. As Rosemary put it one morning,"It's 11 am. The bust was supposed to be at 10. Let's figure it won't happen til 12:30 and take care of business til then."

More than a week after we came, we walked out. We had decided that it was better to use our energies implementing our positive programs rather than hassling with the courts. We now have a fund-raising committee and a "building-finding committee." Women from the center marched as a group to an anti-Agnew demonstration held a few days after we left. Others of us are working on

the women's march on the Pentagon. New gay liberation and consciousness-raising groups are springing up in the Boston area. Radcliffe women feel renewed energy in their struggle to get more women at Harvard. Thirty Boston College women took over the dean's office, demanding women's rights.

And our 8-year-old sisters in nearby Arlington have seized a school room for a girl's club. 888 Lives and Grows!

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STRUGGLE THROUGH A MAZE:
RIFT SHAKES BLACK PANTHERS

by LIBERATION News Service

(Editors' note: Writing without a bias is like dancing without feet. We'd like to present an "objective" account of the deep split in the Black Panther Party so that everyone could have access to a balanced sampling of the facts in coming to judge what has happened. But the more energy we expend in this effort, the further our goal seems to be.

In the first place, no outsider can track down the truth or falsehood of accusations each side has lodged against the other. Only honest and dedicated people inside the Black Panther Party know from their first-hand experience if some of the claims are accurate or not.

A bigger obstacle to "objectivity" is that one side has publicized its views far more effectively than the other. Videotapes produced by the exiled International Section of the Party clearly explain how the Black Panther fugitives gathered in Algiers see the Party's structure and direction. The tapes, which have unfortunately been more accessible to the established media than to the Movement, detail their objections to the methods and policies of Black Panther leaders in Oakland, Calif. But Oakland, although it has slung some mud in the direction of Algiers, refuses to answer their political attacks in public.

The biggest difficulty of all is that so far the split in the Panthers has been mostly a battle of words. There are many charges and counter-charges hanging in the air--ranging from wife-beating, graft, and megalomania to dope addiction and murder. The battle of words has at times hurt every Panther alive. But actions speak louder than words and if either Black Panther Party can move beyond the bitterness of the split to a balanced and solid program for the future, we must support its efforts to regain lost time.

If we intend to judge the Panthers by their actions (something we have often failed to do), then we must be prepared to wait and see. We doubt that Huey Newton's obscure philosophy of "Intercommunalism" will get anyone off the ground. We remain skeptical of Eldridge Cleaver's insistence on immediate war in Babylon, a viewpoint that we believe many black revolutionaries still living with the people in "Babylon" do not consider sufficient.

But even if the Black Panther Party as we know it does not survive the struggle now evident among its members, the mostserious questions raised by the split will remain and so will many Black Panthers who have given them a lot of thought. What place does "democratic centralism" occupy in our revolution? How does it work? What is the function of criticism in the ranks of a revolutionary party? When should differences by made public and when should they be kept private? What is the time, place, and function for an urban guerrilla underground? How can the hundreds of political prisoners in America's jails be set free? What kind of community organizing can really bring closer the day or insurrection? And when are the people indeed ready to begin armed struggle?)

NEW YORK (LNS) -- The present turmoil within the Black Panther Party took its saddest turn in the mid-afternoon of March 8 on a sidewalk on Harlem's busy 125th Street. Bullets from a 45 or 357 magnum shattered the brain of Robert Webb as he confronted two men hawking the Black Panther newspaper put out by the Oakland faction of the party.

Webb, a member of the Black Panther Party from its early days in Oakland, had recently been serving as a deputy field marshall with the New York Chapter of the Panthers. He opposed the Party leadership now in Oakland.

His unknown assassin may have been a police agent attempting to inject new bitterness into the political dispute between Panthers aligned with Huey Newton and David Hilliard in California and Panthers aligned with Eldridge Cleaver in Algiers. No matter who his assassin was, only a pig could have welcomed the result.

The next day, the New York Panthers (aligned with Algiers) issued a press release claiming that Huey Newton ordered Webb's death and termed it a "debt that could only be paid in blood." Huey issued a curt denial and protested that New York was setting him up for a bust. And it seemed as if Panthers were about to declare war on Panthers instead of pursuing their differences by friendly competition.

Many supporters of the Panthers were caught off guard by the sudden emergence into public view of bitter differences inside the Party. Since the release of Huey Newton from jail last August when optimism ran high about the Panthers' future, the Party's energies had noticeably declined but most outsiders had only a foggy idea why.

Open differences first became apparent with the mid-January publication of "an open letter to the Weatherman underground from the Panther 21" in the East Village Other, on of New York's underground papers Presumably written by the nine defendants who had never gotten out on bail, the letter expressed sorrow that the Weatherpeople had abandoned the "belief that armed struggle is the only real struggle." The letter responded to the Weathepeople's "New Morning--Changing Weather" communique issued a month before.

The open letter also contended that the Black Panther Party--identified/as only a "self-proclaimed vanguard party"--had sown seeds of confusion and escapism by "terrible tactics, tripping out, pseudo-machoism, arrogance, myrmidonism, dogmatism, regionalism, regimentation, and fear." The document zeroed

in on a series of equations: "Revolution is ARMED STRUGGLE--revolution is VIOLENCE--revolution is WAR--revolution is BLOODSHED," and expressed little respect for tactics short of urban guerrilla warfare.

Shortly afterward, Connie Matthews, the Party's liason in Europe who recently served as Huey Newton's assistant, and New York Panther 21 defendants Michael Cetewayo Tabor and Richard Dharuba Moore mysteriously disappeared. "Cet," an eloquent public speaker, and Dharuba, an artist, were two of the four Panthers free on bail in the New York bomb conspiracy trial. On Feb.8 they failed to show up in court, and the judge used their disappearance as an excuse to revoke the bail of two other defendants, Afeni Shakur and Joan Bird.

A few days later word reached New York that the Panthers' Oakland headquarters had kicked out of the Party all the Panther 21 defendants except Afeni and Joan. The New York Panther chapter doubted that Huey knew what he was doing expelling political prisoners while they were on trial in an American court of justice, and concluded he was not in his right mind.

When the Feb. 13 Black Panther newspaper rolled out of Oakland, it condemned Tabor, Moore, and Connie Matthews with sensationalist front page mug shots headlined "Enemy of the People." In the centerfold, the West Coast leadership charged the three with "backstabbing" Afeni and Joan, ripping off "details of the Supreme Commander's speaking tour" as well as "European contacts," "propping up the dying case" against the Panther 21, and, to top it off, termed them successively "jackanapes," "dogs," "an older woman," an "alcoholic," and a "loud-mouth."

The statement offered no explanation of why the three had fled.

Earlier, in the Jan. 23 issue of the paper, Huey Newton expelled Elmer "Geronimo" Pratt, a leading member of the Los Angeles chapter and a man portrayed extensively before in the pages of the Black Panther newspaper as a true hero of the people. Geronimo successfully led the defense of the Los Angeles headquarters when police laid siege to it in December 1969. The statement declared Geronimo a pig for, among other things, organizing a "little rebel roving band" and getting into too many run-ins with the police. His expulsion prepared the ground for the split to come.

On Feb. 26 Huey Newton appeared on a morning TV show in the San Francisco Bay Area. It was arranged that the show (a call-in type) would include a call from Eldridge in Algiers. The original purpose may have been to dispel rumors of a rift between Cleaver and Newton, but it didn't work out that way.

Cleaver said that Newton's recent expulsions of the New York Panther defendants and Geronimo were "regrettable" and "should not have taken place." He laid responsibility at the door of David Hilliard, the Party's chief of staff, and called for Hilliard to be expelled.

Later that night, Huey called up Eldridge in Algiers. Huey said that he was disturbed at the way Eldridge had bared internal party disagreements on public TV, and Huey expelled the whole international section (though he later denied that any formal action had been taken.) Huey's complaint seemed fair enough despite Eldridge's later protests that Huey and Hilliard had so cut off the three Black Panther Central Committee members in Algiers--Eldridge, Kathleen Cleaver, and Don Cox--that the only channels left were the public airwaves one Thursday morning.

Eldridge taped Huey's angry phone call that night; on it, Huey sounded heated and upset. Eldridge was much more collected, almost calm. If Huey had known that Eldridge was soon to release the tape recording of the conversation to the established media back home, he might have calmed himself down. Instead, he said, as the New York Panthers were later to point out, "I've got my guns." When Eldridge replied, "Well, I've got guns too," Huey shouted, "We'll battle it out." Figure of speech or literal threat? The tape didn't answer that.

The next move came neither from Algiers nor from Oakland. It was New York that spoke next. In a press conference at its Harlem office, the New York chapter declared Chief of Staff Hilliard "purged from the Black Panther Party for life" and demanded the immediate reinstatement of the Panther 21 defendants, Geronimo, Matthews, Tabor, and Moore.

"All those who challenged or criticized the way things were being run and tried to move on those criticisms were purged, branded as pigs, fools or enemies of the people," the statement explained and blamed David Hilliard for warping the party until it had "no room for criticism within its ranks." Avoiding a direct attack on Huey, the New York Panthers accused Hilliard of maintaining a dictatorship over the party by "drugging Huey to the point where his influence over the man is unquestionable."

Among the specific charges against Hilliard: using party funds to buy himself very expensive clothing and a huge diamond ring, giving Huey "deliberate misinformation about inner party matters," issuing Central Committee directives without consulting fellow committe members Eldridge Cleaver, Kathleen Cleaver, and Don Cox in Algiers, and allowing Party Chairman Bobby Seale (now on trial for his life in New Haven) contact only with hand-picked visitors.

The New York Panthers were the last people on either side to speak in terms that left even a vague possibility of reconciliation.

On March 4 the New York press was treated to a videotape from Algiers in which Eldridge analyzed the long-standing conflicts over strategy which exploded in the split; and other Panthers one by one outlined the specific reasons why the entire International Section felt it could no longer work with the Oakland leadership. At the same time Oakland was busy at work preparing the March 5 Panther paper with a front-page headline "Free Kathleen Cleaver" and a centerfold accusing Cleaver of beating his wife, keeping her prisoner in Algiers, and even murdering a man she took for a lover.

There is no doubt that both factions of the Panthers are male-dominated and that some Panther men on both sides of the split practice "the double standard." But even though the Panther paper centerfold written by Elaine Brown spoke the language of women's liberationabout a man whose male chauvinism has irked others in the past, the criticism obviously aimed at nothing besides the destruction of Eldridge Cleaver's reputation. The Newton faction sent copies of Elaine Brown's statement to underground papers across the country.

On the page following the centerfold, banner headlines asked: "Is Eldridge Cleaver attempting to divide the Black Panther Party? Is Eldridge attempting to divide the community? Is Eldridge Cleaver attempting to divide the socialist world?"

The videotape from Algiers, followed by a second tape a week later, had somewhat more to say for itself than the Oakland paper's centerfold. The tape began with a recording of the phone conversation in which Huey had told Eldridge "the whole intercommunal section is expelled."

Then Cleaver spoke: "In a people's struggle there is no distinction between the military and political struggle." Previously, the Panther party had united the two, he said, "It was just Panthers, pigs, and guns."

But with the incredible repressive attacks against the party and the "fragmentation" of the party leadership through imprisonment, he said, the party became too much involved in "political mass mobilization" and turned away from the"military struggle" and its partisans in "the left wing of the party."

"The right wing of the party," Cleaver said, rejected "going underground" to create an illegal party branch for direct action. Cleaver termed underground struggle "the highest form of politics" and held that "the primary responsibility of those aboveground is to aid those underground."

As the tape unwound, almost a dozen Panthers spoke their mind. Kathleen Cleaver scoffed at the party's long insistence on the title "vanguard", and said that if an organization is in the vanguard, it doesn't have to say so. A woman form the Midwest told a story of how June Hilliard, David's brother, had held a local party member at gunpoint, falsely accusing him of having stolen Hilliard's phone book. It turned up later where Hilliard had left it, but far from apologizing the Hilliard brothers purged the local member when he was arrested for killing a cop. Peter Neil, once chairman of the Kansas City chapter, pointed out that thoughthe Panthers had become a national organization, the Central Committee came only from the West Coast.

Don Cox, the Black Panther Party's Field Marshall, accused the party of abusing the principles of "democratic centralism," to which it was verbally committed. In practice, he said, the Black Panthers had followed a course of all centralism and no democracy.

Cox(known as D.C.) took the Oakland leadership to task for their expulsions of Geronimo, the Panther 21, Tabor, Matthews, and Moore. He said that Geronimo had been expelled on information from the same two people who turned Geronimo into the police recently and that Geronimo had never had a chance to speak on his own behalf to the central committee before his expulsion.

"This exemplifies something that the party's newspaper has fallen into a lot lately," Cox charged. "One week someone's a hero, the next week the same person is purged, and they say he's a pig and that they've known it all along."

Insisting that all the recent expulsions had occurred without his consultation, Cox demanded reinstatement and public apologies. He felt that the Panther 21 defendants had published their open letter to the Weatherpeople only as "a last resource" because "the doors of the party are closed to criticism and ideological struggle."

The most shocking criticism Don Cox levelled at Hilliard concerned the Baltimore conspiracy bust, almost a mirror copy of the New Haven case. Warning of the imminent bust had reached Hilliard and Charles Garry two weeks before it came down. Don Cox, who had been working with the Baltimore chapter, went underground immediately and then blew his cover several times to insist that Garry and Hilliard warn the other people in danger. Two weeks later, 14 people were arrested and two have already been convicted of first-degree murder because Hilliard and Garry didn't move to warn them.

In analyzing the legal approach the party has taken to freeing political prisoners, Eldridge hinted most concretely at the direction he proposes for the Black Panthers:

"It is not necessary to liberate an entire community to liberate political prisoners. They are doing it now in Brazil and all over Latin America. We have brothers in Babylon who are ready andable to do this sort of work and it should be a priority. Instead, the Central Committee has dismissed and turned it s back on these political prisoners." He added that he had no intention of "sitting out the struggle safely" and would return to Babylon as soon as possible.

Eldridge ended the tape by calling for Panther leaders standing on the sidelines to "clean up the party" or "be dealt with."

A week later, the second videotape from Algiers arrived in New York late in the week of Robert Webb's death. It included messages from the previously "missing" Connie Matthews and Michael Cetewayo Tabor, who had been married for several months.

The two charged that Newton and Hilliard had squandered money while members of the party "were starving to death." In her statement Mrs. Tabor said that all accounts--money form speaking engagements, donations, newspapers, and equipment--"had to come through central headquarters. All the money was lavished on the West Coast for the best of everything."

Within the party, Matthews and Tabor said "Panthers were becoming more and more disillusioned."

There had been a "complete halt" to revolutionary activity, not even the community programs were functioning in many places, and Tabor called the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention sponsored by the Panthers last November a "fiasco."

So far as Tabor himself was concerned, the expulsion of Geronimo proved the catalyst in his alienation from a party where "revolutionary commitment was being measured by how many Black Panther newspapers you sold."

* * *

Since the tapes came out, Oakland has published a few more issues of the Black Panther paper. The March 13 issue made no direct reference to the split other than a back page drawing by Emory Douglas, an artist on the Central Committee, depicting Bobby Hutton with a gun and Eldridge with his pants dropped to his ankles, his belly bloated, his hands held in surrender over his head, and a peace symbol around his neck.

A week later, they published what amounted to a threat on Eldridge's life by the San Quentin Branch of the Black Panther Party, whose formation had been announced several weeks before.

Hilliard has not been heard from. Huey has tried to keep working on a business-as-usual basis. This included following through with plans for a mass celebration of Intercommunal Solidarity Day at the Oakland Auditorium on March 6, a rally to support political prisoners.

The crowd was over 80% white. The Vanguards and the Lumpen played (soul bands with the Panthers) and so did the Grateful Dead. And then there was Huey, whose title recently changed from "Supreme Commander" to "Supreme Servant of the People." Children from the Huey P. Newton Intercommunal Institute brought him red roses as a post-birthday gift.

The speech was brief, maybe five minutes long. He pointed out that he had once been a political prisoner and that he had not been freed by the actions of "a group of kamikazes" but Huey did not speak concretely of the split.

"The news media has attempted to discredit the party by saying that it's over, because they don't see anyone," Huey told the rally. "I think our programs are better than the party. The communities are involved in 44 cities. We must support these, we must expand them."

"Rather than the death agony of the Panthers, as the media have labelled it," Eldridge had promised on the first tape, "this could be a sign of hope. This process is necessary to develop the machinery to bring about the American revolution."

At this point there are many people waiting to see the Black Panther Party topple into its grave. They may be surprised to find that Huey and Eldridge are right about this one point they seem to agree on. In mid-March after the split had already been dissected by the daily papers and network TV, a good 64% of the blacks interviewed in a Harris poll commissioned by Time Magazine looked on the Panthers as a source of pride in their community. It's hard to see why Louis Harris would bother to inflate the figure.

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LESBIAN FEMINISTS HOLD "TOUCH-IN" AT L.A. CLUB

LOS ANGELES(LNS)--A few days after two members of the L.A. Lesbian Feminists were told they could not put their arms around each other at a L.A. folk music club, 20 members of the group held a "touch-in" at the club and left quietly several hours later. Told that "it was the policy of the club not to permit gay people to touch one another as a courtesy to straight patrons," the gay women expressed feelings that the policy was discriminatory.

As one gay woman said, "Straight women and straight men have the right to touch, caress and even kiss almost anywhere at any time. Gay people should have the same right."

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WOMEN HOLD RADICAL STUDIES CONFERENCE

CHICAGO(LNS)--How do radical women's studies programs stay radical? was one of the topics discussed at a late February midwest women's conference in Chicago.

Women gave testimony about university linked women's courses which have been coopted by school administrations. Many schools are offering courses, taught by non-radical women teachers to increase the institution's enrolment. Radical women participating in these courses often find that their energies are consumed in fund-raising and organizing the studies rather than in reaching out to other women.

Alternative women's courses are being taught in Buffalo, N.Y. and in Chicago, as well as other cities throughout the country. In Buffalo a women's program which has no formal link with the university is able to offer credit courses. It is taught collectively by undergraduate women.

In Chicago the Women's Liberation Union has opened the Liberation School for Women which teaches subjects that range from automobile mechanics to economic theory to functions of the nuclear family now and through history. For more information contact Jenny Krauss, 326 Dempster St., Evanston, Ill. 60202.

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CANADIAN INDIANS DEMAND COMMUNITY CONTROLLED SCHOOL

MONTREAL(LNS)--Tensions between Indian and white students recently exploded at Howard Billings High School when an Indian boy was suspended for fighting with a white student. Indian students boycotted classes for two days in his support and presented demands to the all-white school administration for a Caughnawga Indian community controlled high school. When the suspended boy returned to school with his mother, the principal answered her charges of racism by telling her to drop dead.

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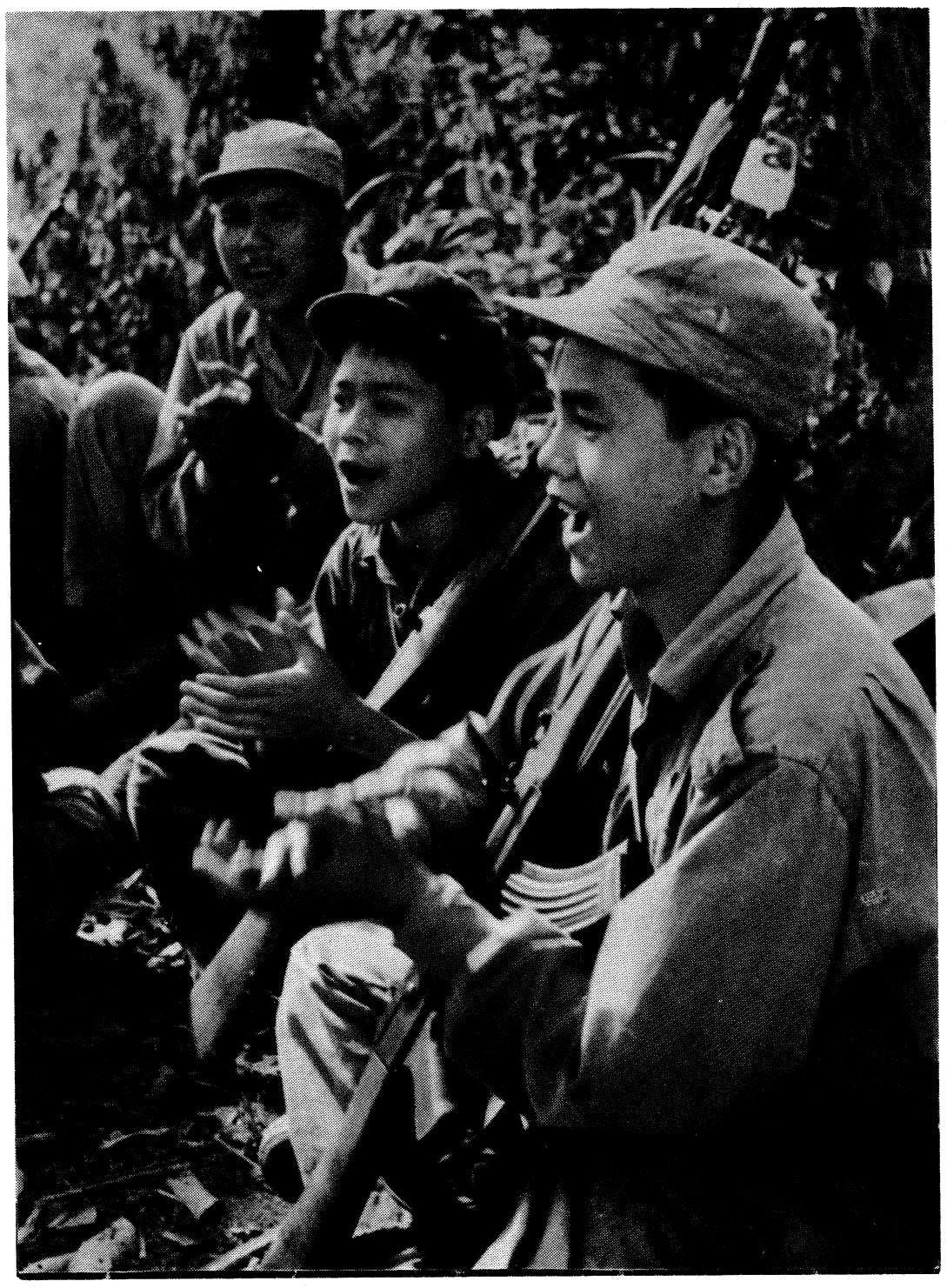
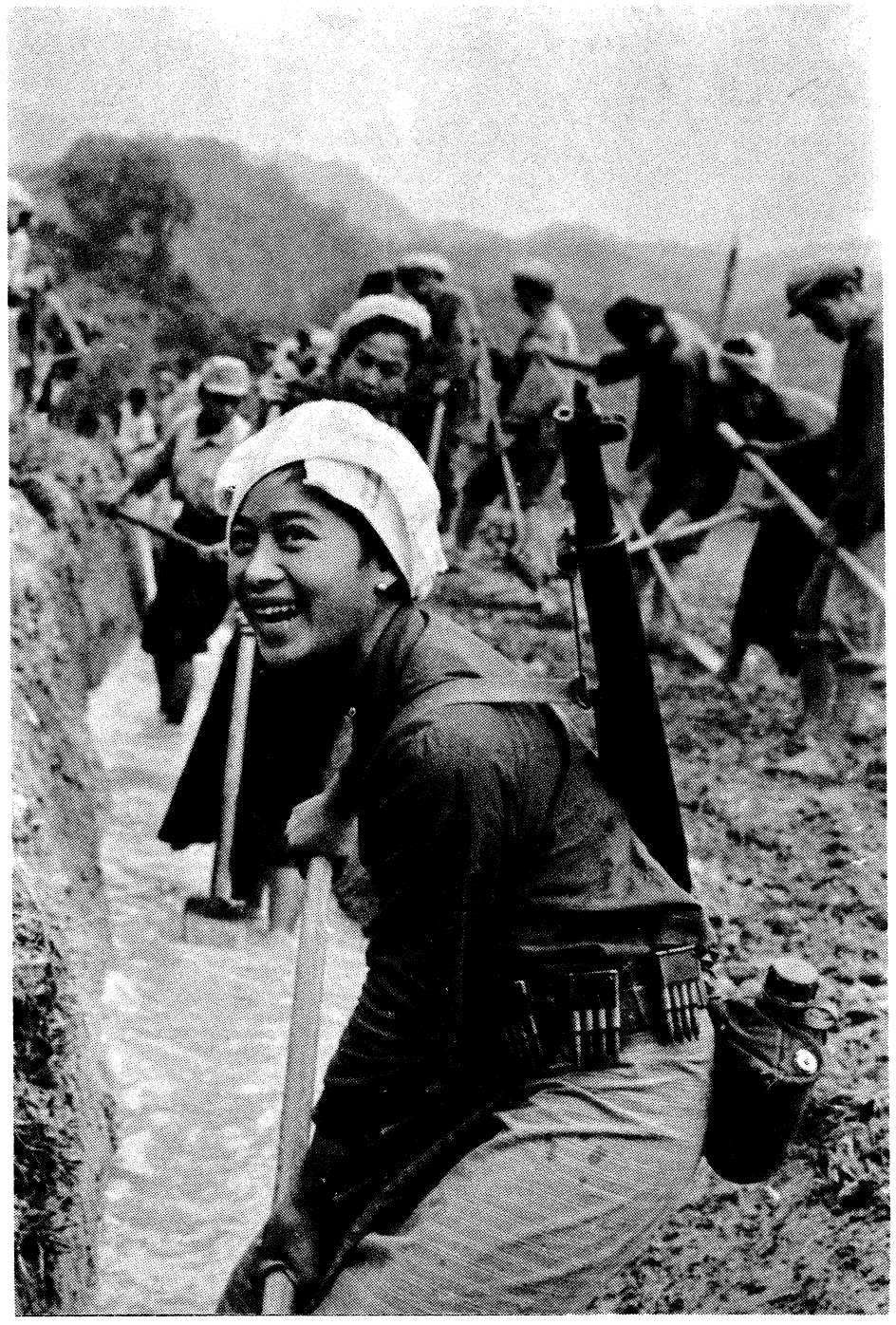
SEE YOU WASHINGTON--APRIL 10 !!!♀♀!!!

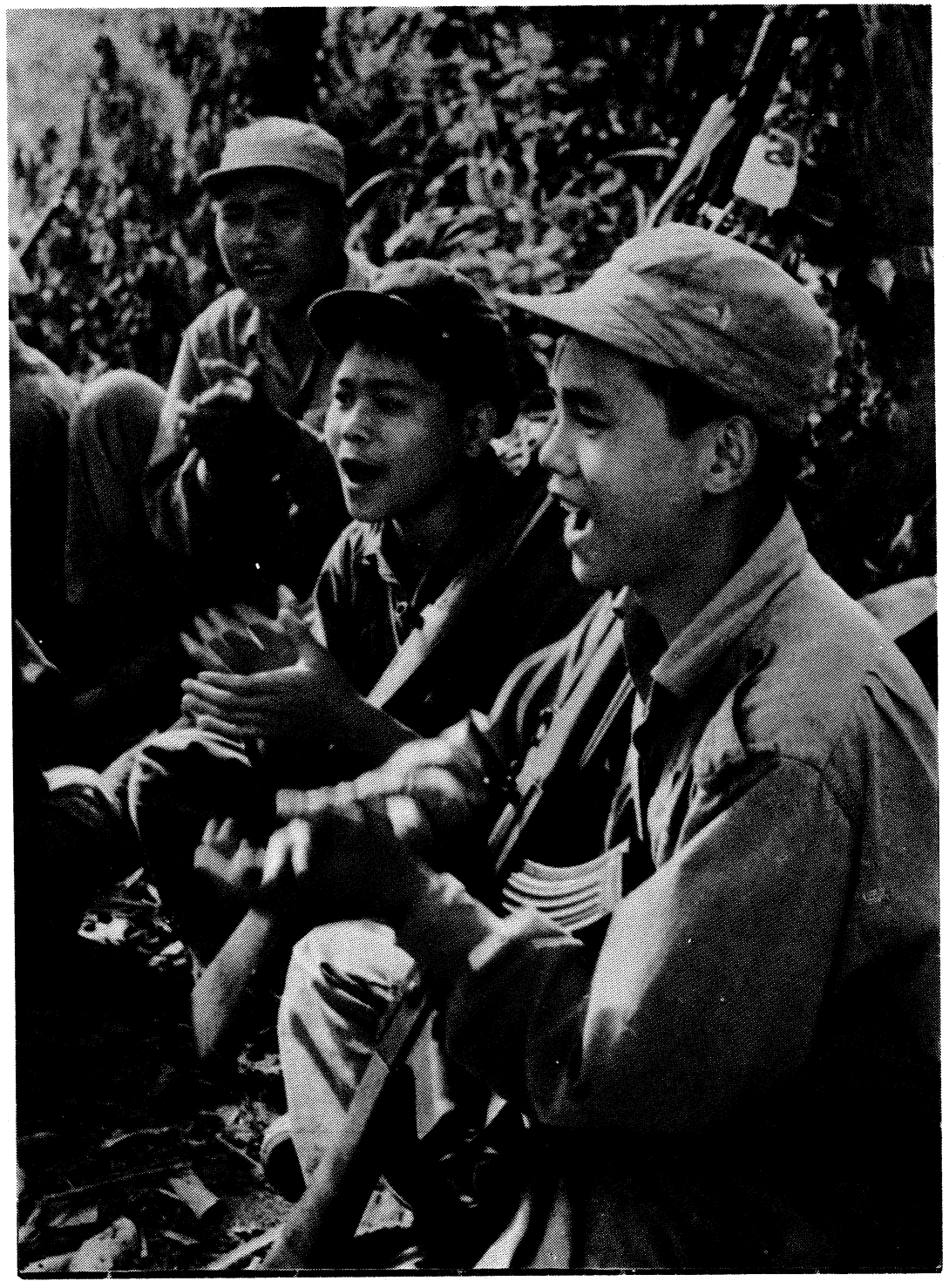
end of text--graphics next

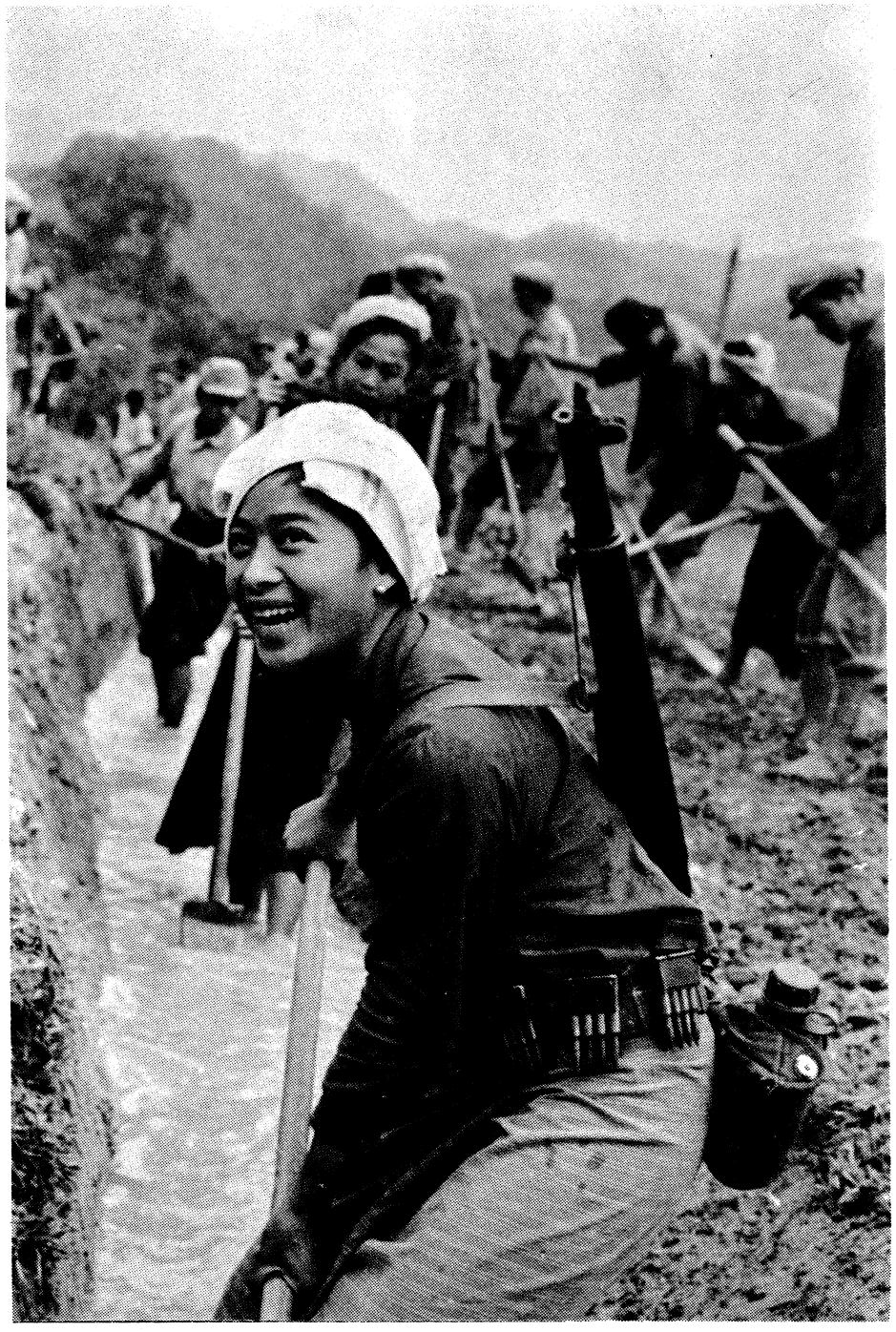




TOP: Laotian Pathet Lao Militia Women working in an irrigation ditch, always prepared to fight. See story page 12 this packet. Credit Laotian Information Bureau/LNS.

BOTTOM: Pathet Lao army unit. See story page 12 this packet. Credit Laotian Information Bureau/LNS.





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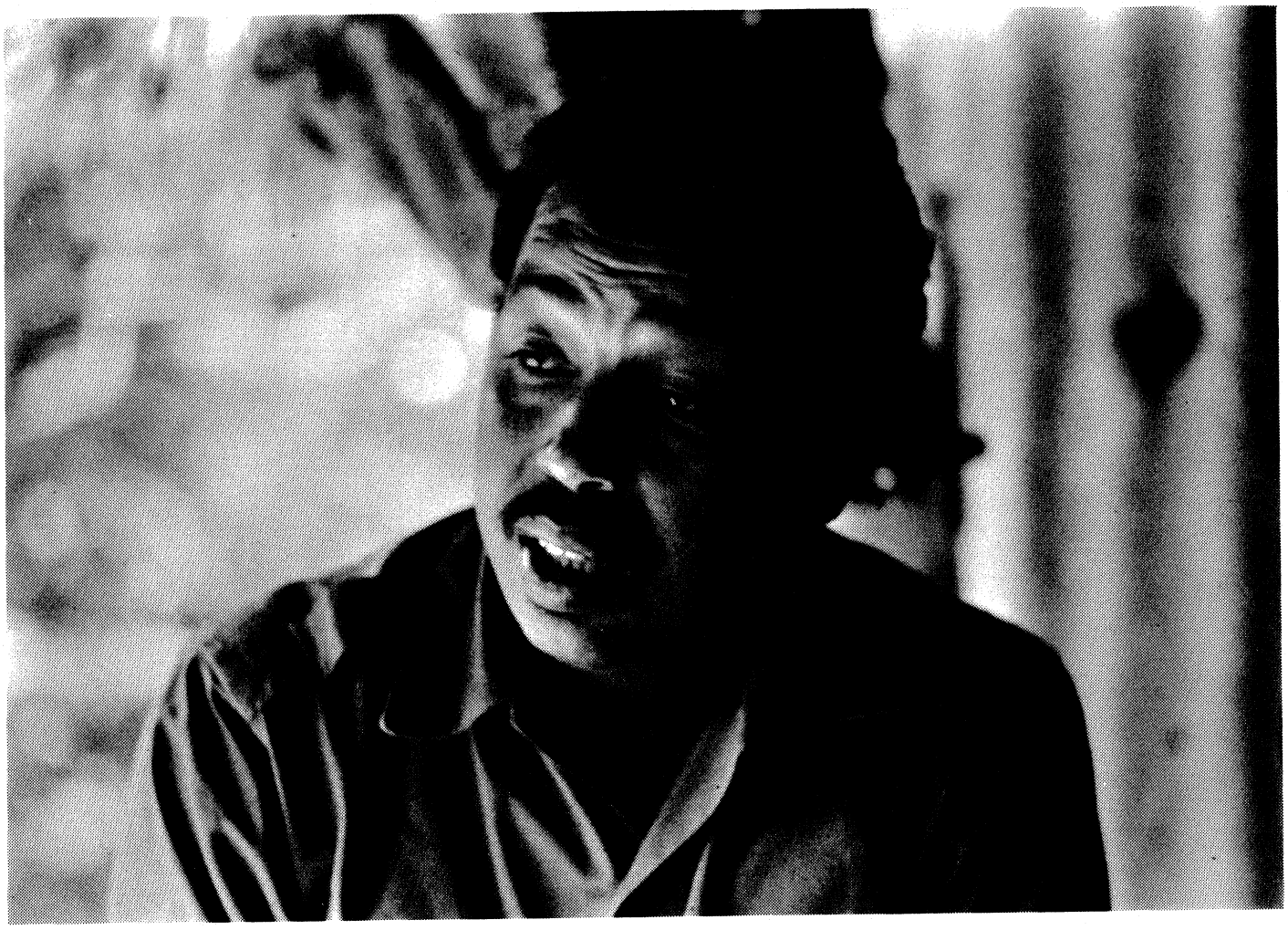
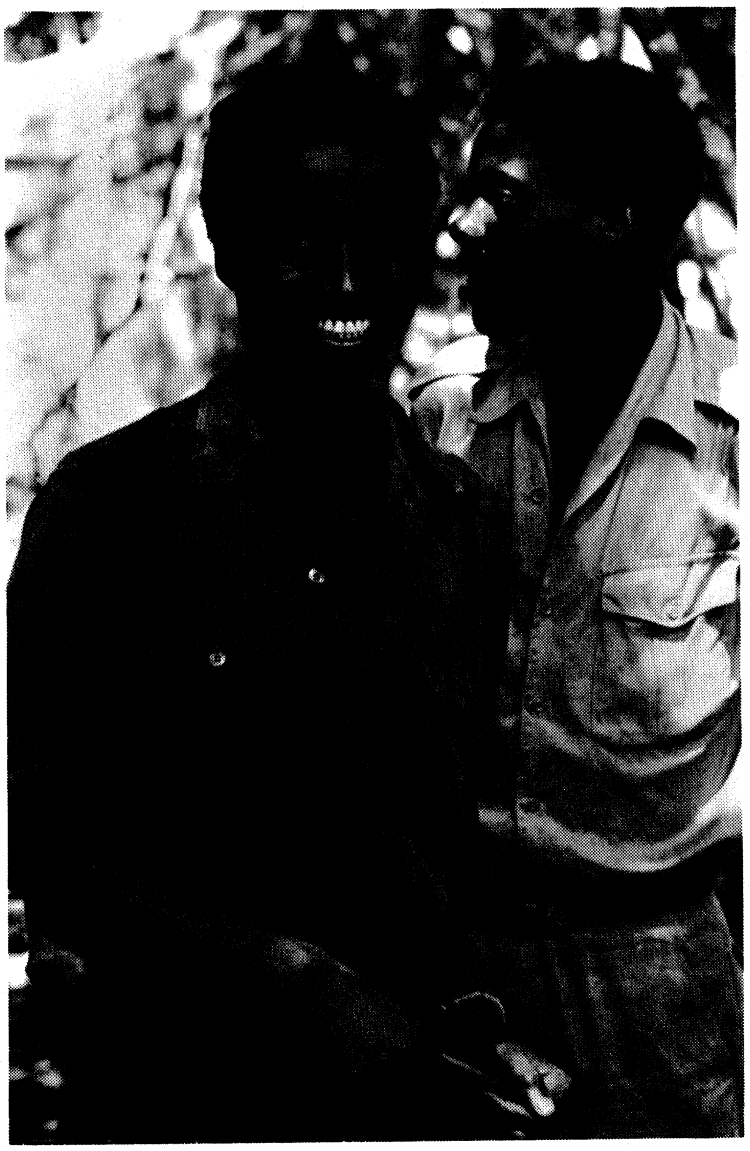
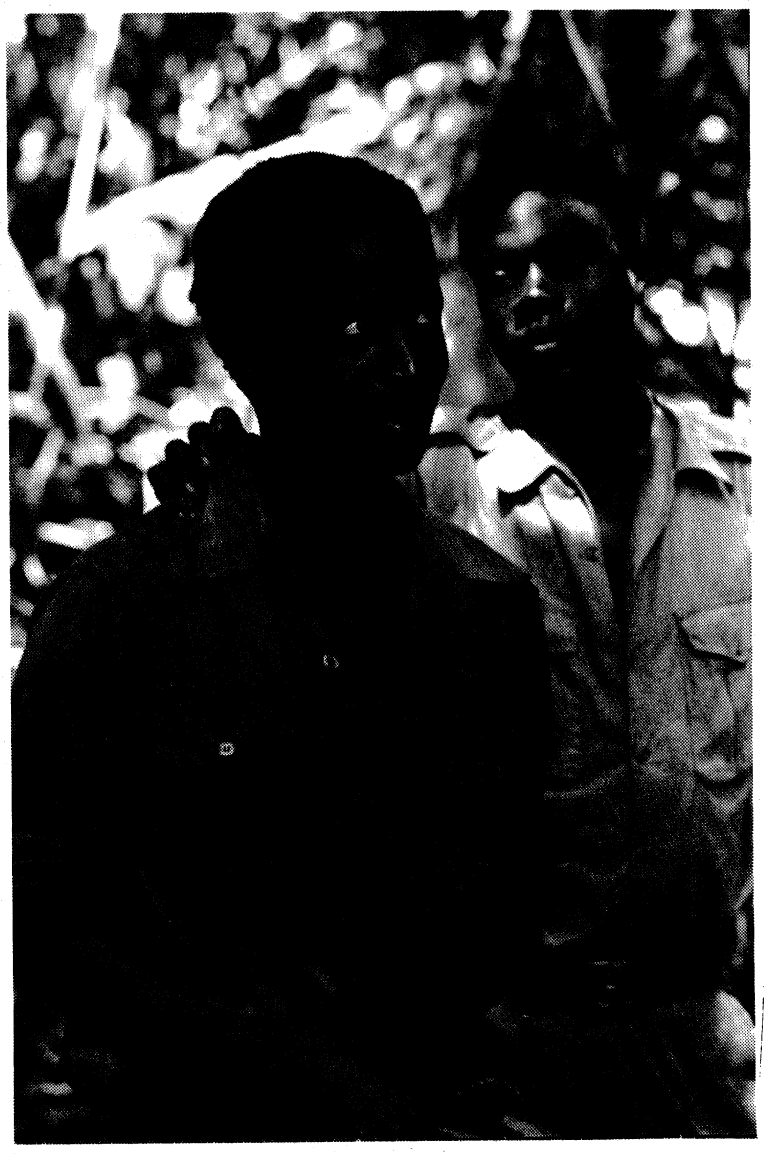
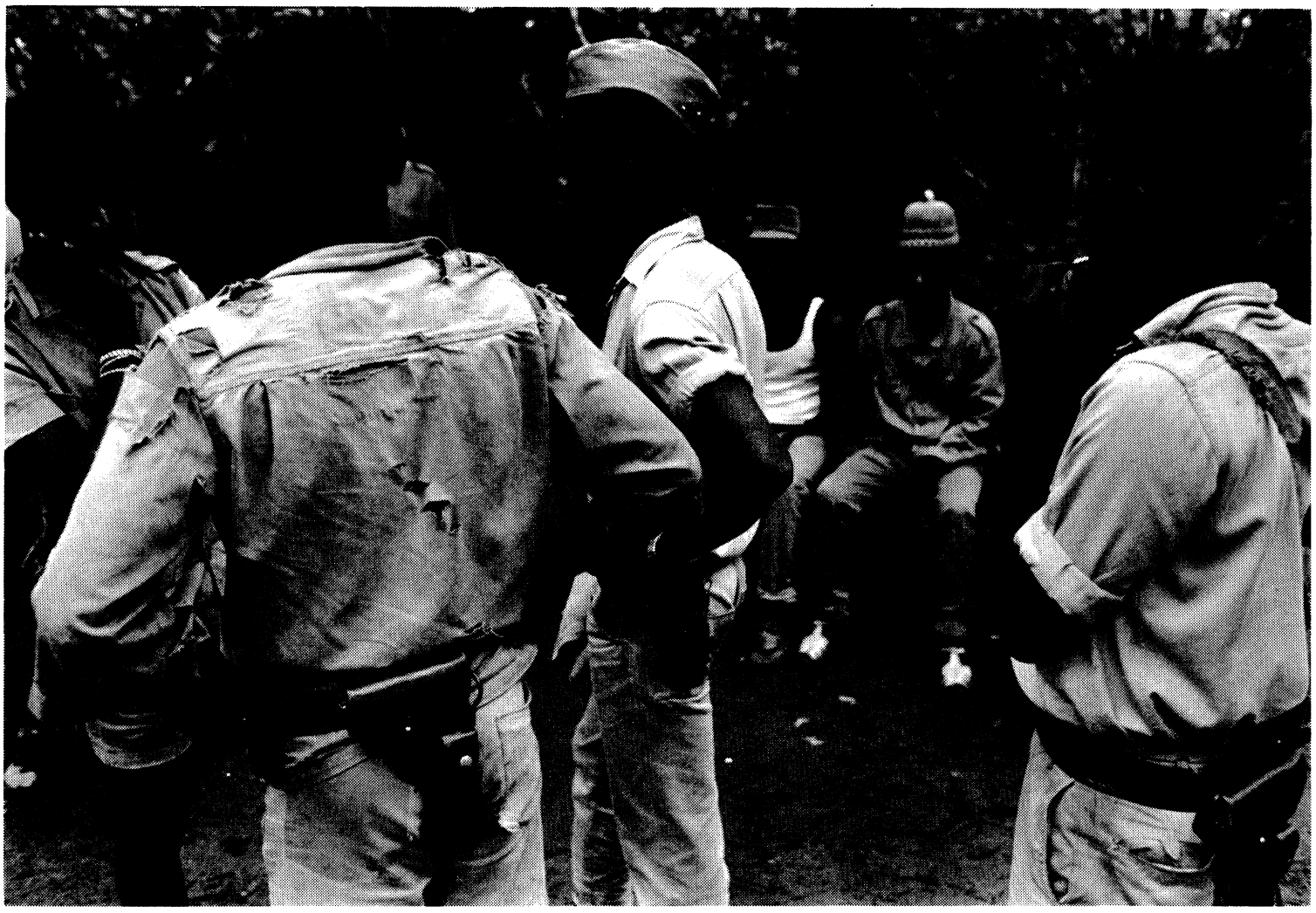


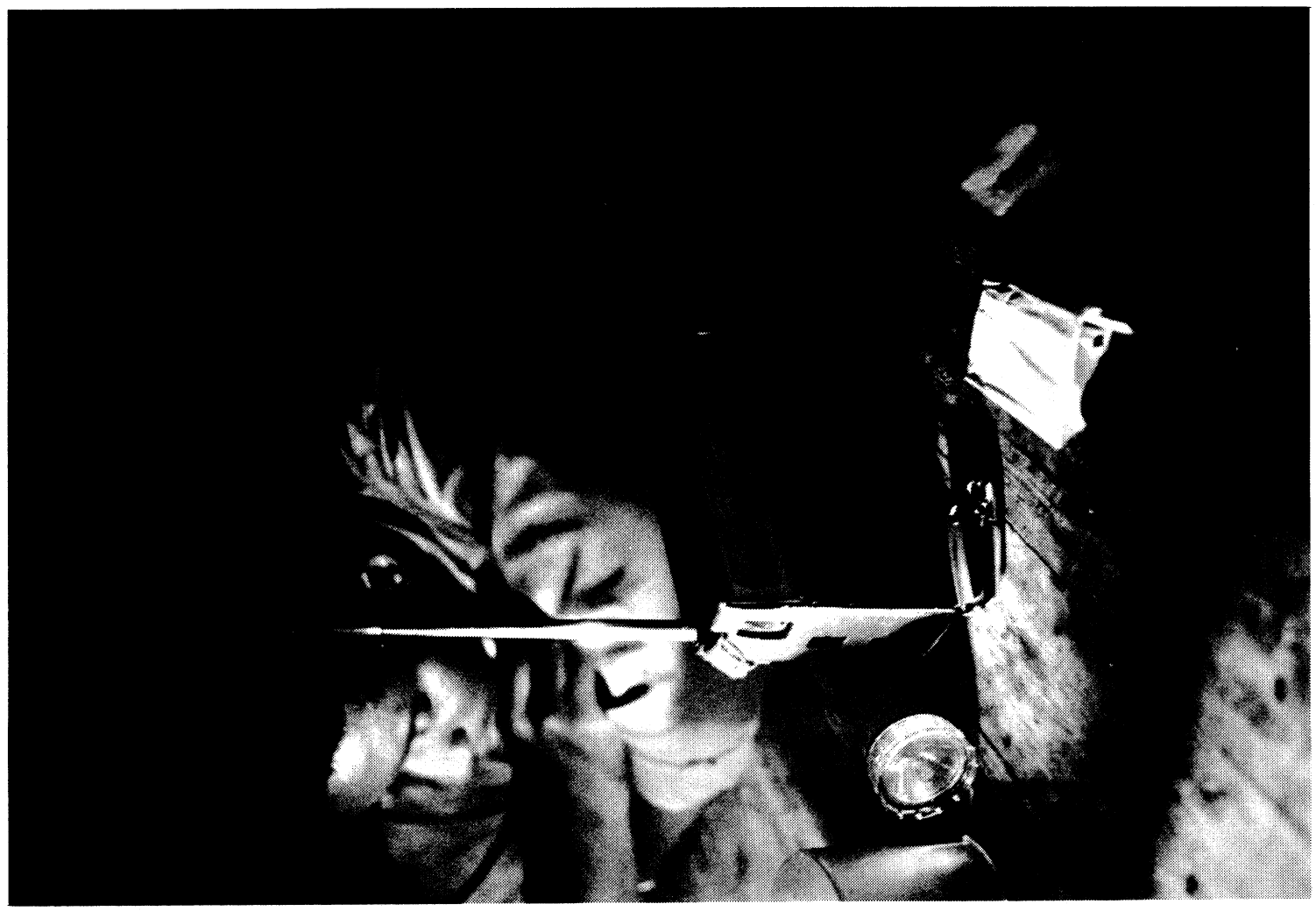




TOP: Pires, member of the Central Committee of thePAIGC. See stories beginning on page 5 this packet. Credit LNS. Photo by Mike Shuster.

BOTTOM LEFT AND RIGHT: Inside liberated territory of Guinea-Bissau. See stories beginning page 5 this packet. Credit LNS. Photo by Mike shuster.





TOP: Guerrillas talk and rest in the forests of Guinea-Bissau. See stories beginning on page 5 this packet. Credit LNS. Photo by Mike Shuster.

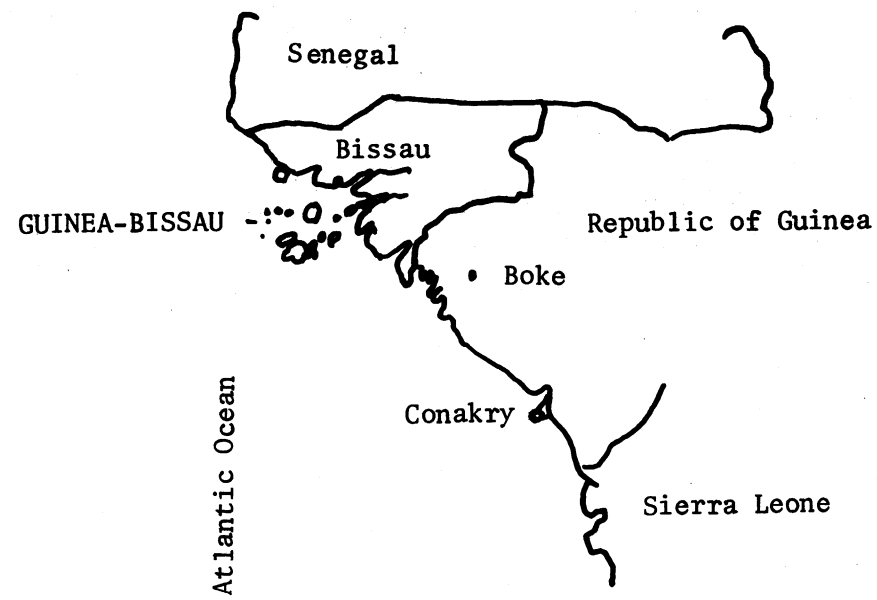
BOTTOM: Joseph Sampa. See story on page 8 this packet. Photo by Mike Shuster. Credit LNS.

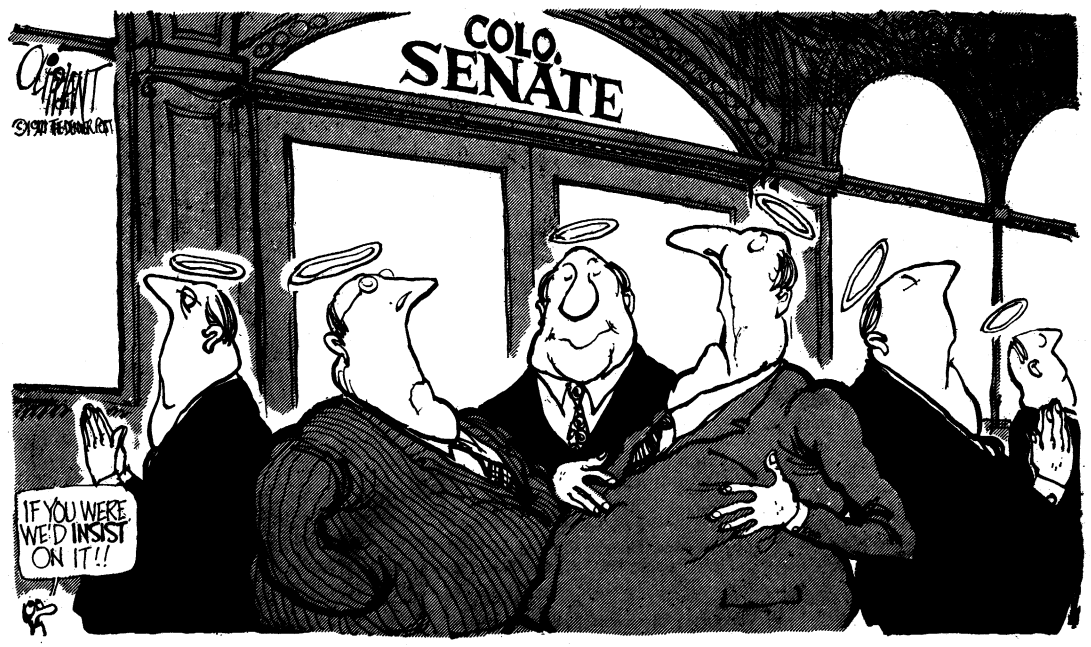
WE DEMAND:

1. THAT HARVARD BUILD LOW-INCOME HOUSING ON THIS, THE TREELAND SITE, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE DEMANDS OF THE RIVERSIDE COMMUNITY.

2. THAT HARVARD PROVIDE A WOMEN'S CENTER TO SERVE THE NEEDS OF WOMEN OF THE BOSTON AREA.

3. THAT HARVARD GIVE US FULL USE OF THIS BUILDING, WITH FULL FACILITIES (HEAT, PLUMBING, ELECTRICITY, ETC.), UNTIL IT IS NECESSARY TO TEAR IT DOWN IN ORDER TO BREAK GROUND FOR THE RIVERSIDE LOW-INCOME HOUSING.



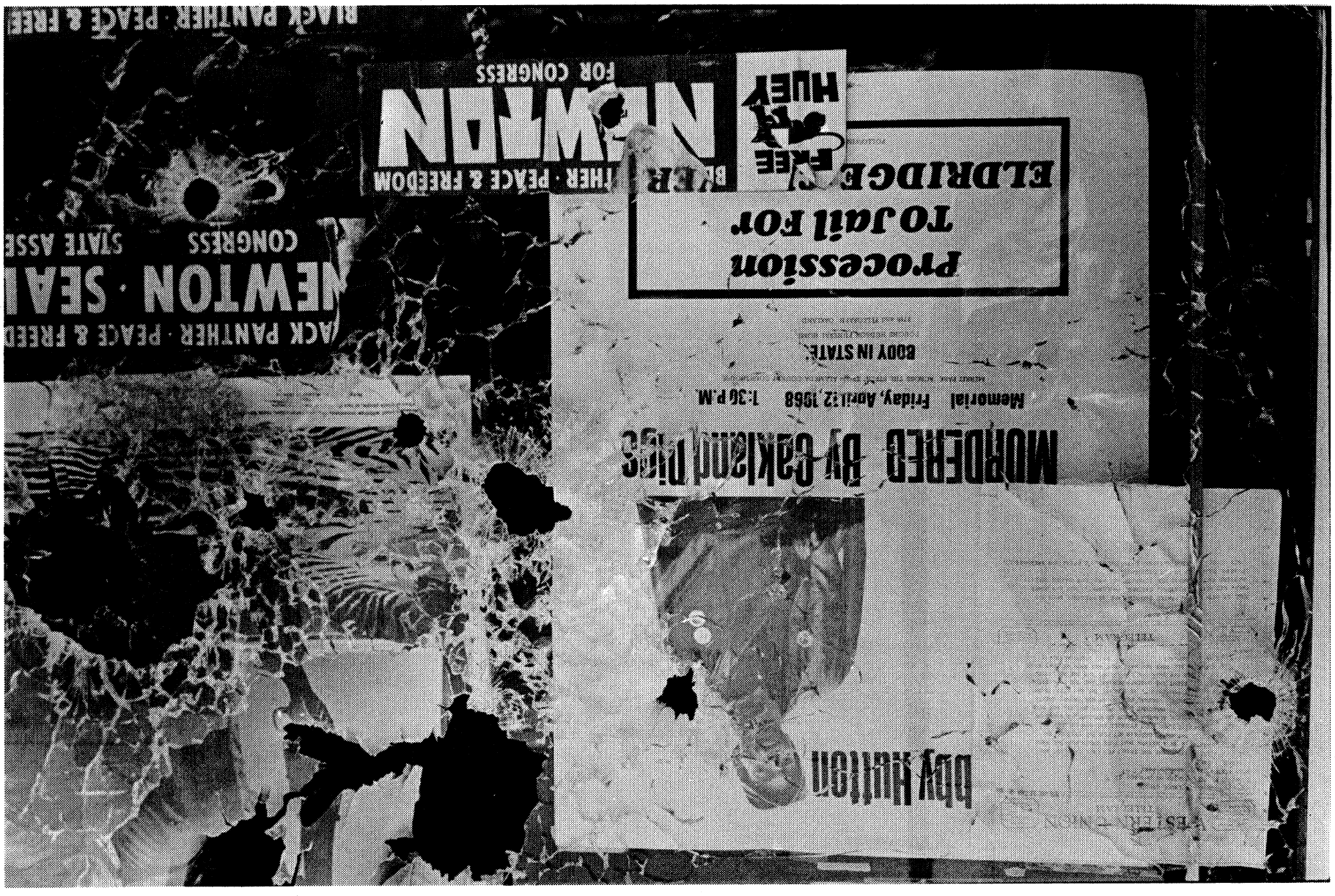


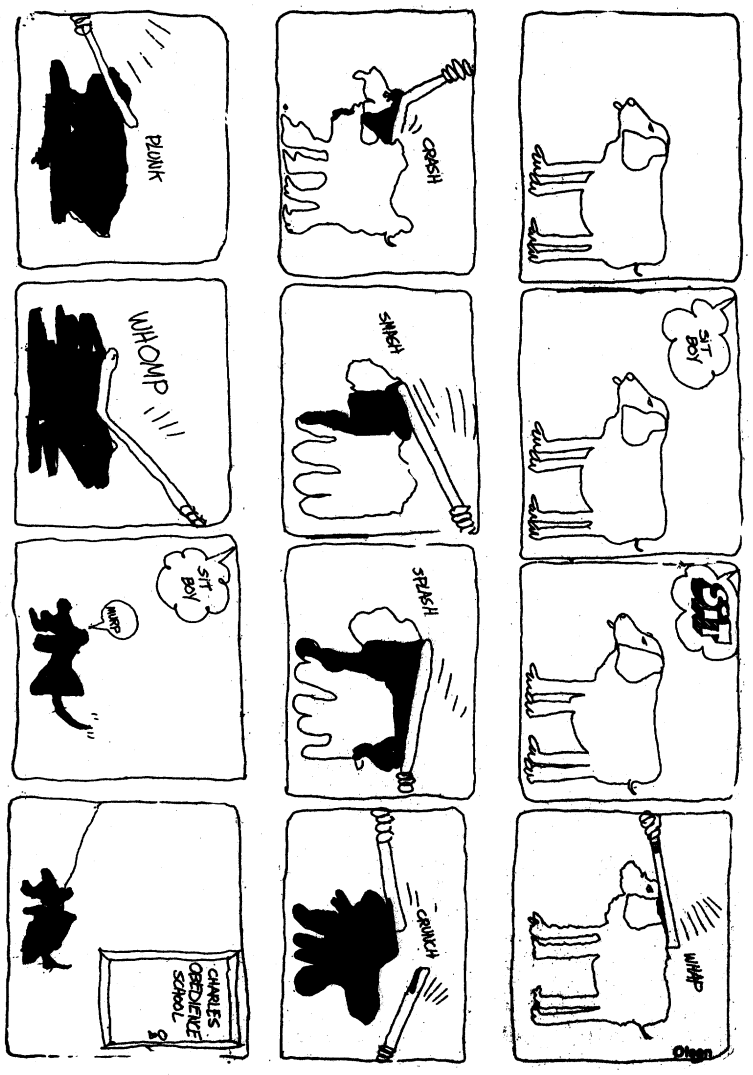
'WELL, IF I WERE PREGNANT I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HAVE AN ABORTION!'

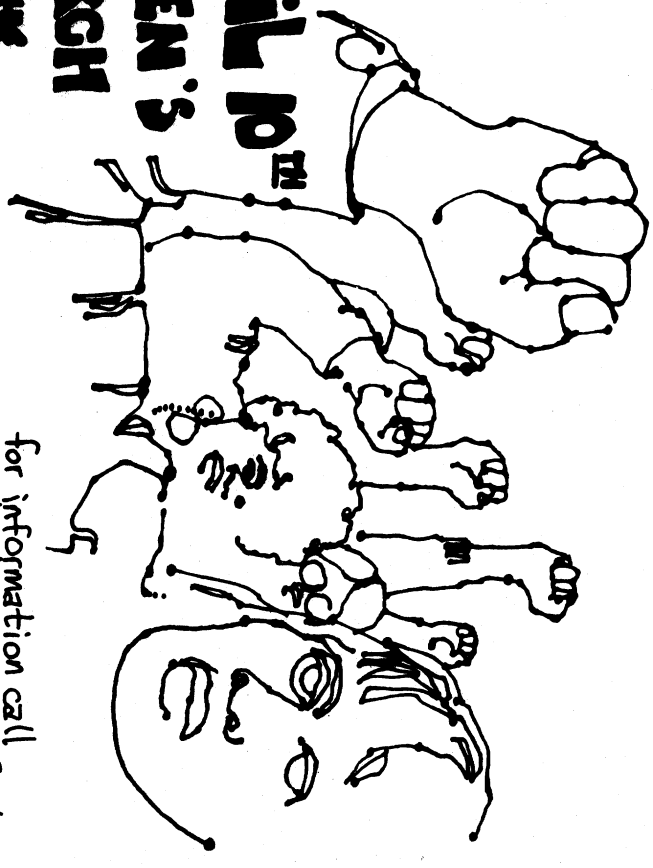
TOP LEFT: Guinea-Bissau map. See stories beginning on page 5 this packet. Credit LNS.

TOP RIGHT: Cartoon, credit the Militant/LNS.

BOTTOM: Credit Boston Women/LNS. See story page 13 this packet







APRIL 10TH WOMEN'S MARCH ON THE PENTAGON

for information call
Westside Women's Center
(212) 874-6696 --
transportation and
child care available

TOP LEFT: Murp cartoon from the PATRIOT/LNS.

TOP RIGHT: From the WOMENS CENTER (NEW YORK)/LNS.

BOTTOM: Panther Bobby Hutton was murdered by the Oakland pigs on April 6, 1968. There's a story on the current Panther split on page 15 this packet. Photo credit Jeffrey Blankfort/LNS.

ARCHITECTURAL TECHNOLOGY WORKSHOP
THE GIRLS RUN IT

TOP: Women guard their building. See Bosotn Women story page 13 this packet. Credit Phoenix/LNS.

BOTTOM: See guerrilla theatre story page 2 this packet. Photo credit Ken Light/LNS.